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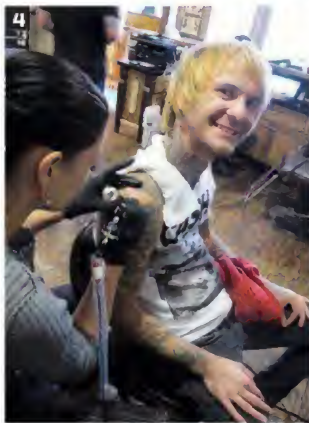
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ink well

I'm not really sure what elevator music is. I don't leave my apartment without putting on my earbuds, and at first I thought this added a personal soundtrack to my life, but I have since realized that I end up shutting out the sounds of the world, specifically music from car radios, store speakers, buskers, and the free spirits singing along to songs coming from their own headphones. At the INKED office we share an iPod dock that shuffles our iTunes libraries. Normally the sweet sounds of punk and hardcore drift through the office, but once in a while Björk or Yo-Yo Ma sneaks in (we held down the offender who swears his girlfriend added them). And then there's the metal. I'm not a metal guy, but I've been indoctrinated by taking my earbuds out and sharing in the INKED Playlist. Our current favorite songs are published on page 32 (Björk didn't make it).

The opening act for this, our Music issue, is "The Hottest Tattooed Ladies of Metal," featuring sirens like Maria Brink and Alana Potocnik, who were photographed by Kareem Black (1). Another female talent in the music world, though in a different orbit, is country singer Nikki Lane, who invited photographer Hollis Bennett (2) to her latest tattoo session.

You may have noticed that our cover bills this installment of INKED as one that celebrates Sex, D.R.U.G.S., and Rock 'n' Roll. The sex comes from rap-rocker Deuce (3), who writes about backstage escapades. D.R.U.G.S. is Craig Owens's (4) band, Destroy Rebuild Until God Shows. He pens a plea that asks scenesters to stop with the jaded attitude and appreciate different forms of music. Rock 'n' Roll is all over our pages, but most notably on 74 to 77 where Tim Mohr (5) picks the brain of Guns N' Roses rock legend and best-selling author Duff McKagan.

Jon Coen (6) profiles music royalty Austin Brown, whose soul could only come from a Jackson (yes, those Jacksons). And from an impressive tattoo lineage comes our Icon, Keith Underwood, who talks about tattooing on the Warped Tour, while being photographed by Sarah Lim (7). Also, Jonathan Pushnik (8) shoots one of my favorite bands, the Bouncing Souls, before they head out on tour. If you dig on their story and sound, come out to see them live—I'll be the guy walking up to the venue with one earbud in and the other ear to the street. Actually, screw that. I shouldn't just be taking music in—I should be sharing my favorite sounds with the world, so I'll be the guy with the ghetto blaster.

Rocky Rakovic

"Radio" Rocky Rakovic
editor@inkedmag.com



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CM Punk

PUNK RAWK

I loved the CM Punk interview [May 2012]! He is my favorite wrestler of all time because he respects the old school while not being some fake cartoon character. As he says, wrestling is real—you can get really hurt—but the WWE is filled with guys in masks and neon tights. Punk is punk, he really is straight edge, and his tattoos are for him and not part of some character story. He keeps it real.

Mike Woodson
Fairfield, CT

COLOR THE WORLD

I've been a subscriber for the past year or two and really like your magazine. However, I have noticed some-

thing over the past 8 to 10 issues (maybe more): Your Spot section features shops from either New York or California. I'm not sure if this is a matter of pure convenience, but there are cool people and shops outside of Brooklyn and California. Otherwise, keep up the good work.

Jason Petersen
Chicago, IL

Editor's note: Spot is where we try, try, try to mix it up as much as possible by featuring shops from around the country. However, great artwork often comes out of California and New York City. But help us out! Let us know of quality tattoo shops by e-mailing us at editor@inkedmag.com.

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WHO OWNS YOUR TATTOO?

NIKOLE WITHA K Who owns the tattoos? The clients who come to me with their wonderful ideas, which inspire my art—the ones who spend their hard-earned cash and hours of pain just to have my handiwork on their beautiful lifelong canvases!

INK MASTER: SHANE O'NEILL

ANDREW CRUSHFITNES This show definitely needs second- and third-place winners. It was brutal to see what they went through. It's art, man. Yeah, it's competition, but these guys were slaved.

CM PUNK

HANK JANIS If you like wrestling, you're probably an idiot.

BEN CROTEAU If you hate on his tattoos he will GTS ya!

STACIE MAYER If you don't like wrestling, I'm not going to call you an idiot. I don't see why people feel the need to criticize people for what they enjoy.



READER OF THE MONTH

JULIE TORRES
SANTA ANA, CA

Want to be a Reader of the Month?
E-mail photos to inkedgirl@inkedmag.com

WHO OWNS YOUR TATTOO?

Who owns my tattoo [April 2012]? My old lady will when I die. I'm gonna let her make me into a lampshade ... I'm not kidding.

Kenneth Feather Sr.

I own my tatoo, and if you want it, you'll have to rip it off my cold, dead hands.

Kyle Penny
Cedar Rapids, IA

EXCITE BIKE

Your layout of Amy Forrester [April 2012] getting greasy in a garage was hot. I put it up on the wall of my garage next to my pin-up shop calendars, but because it is not a calendar I get to look at her all year. The only way that I would ever put a sidecar on my motorcycle is for her. She gets my motor running.

Paul Zubikowski
Waco, TX



WRITE US. Got something to say? Send all praise, notes of complaint, story suggestions, and other comments to letters@inkedmag.com. All submissions should include the writer's name and address. Letters may be edited for clarity, length, and content. Also join the party at [facebook.com/inkedmag](https://www.facebook.com/inkedmag).



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MY FIRST INK

Name: Heather Stubbs

Occupation: server at the National Aviary

Hometown: Chester, VA

"I've always had two major aspects to my personality: a philosophical, hippie nature lover, and a lover of metal, death, decay, and gore. At 19, I decided to have an arm correlating to each, and got my first tattoo. On my upper left arm the piece is a gnarled tree. There is a small peace sign carved into the trunk and the tree is wrapped in chains with mushrooms growing around the roots. It was inspired by the Ansel Adams photograph *Dead Oak Tree* and done by Emil Paternoster at Kyklops Tattoo in Pittsburgh. My family loved it. They support and admire all of my wild and crazy decisions and adventures. They always like me to send updated photos home to Virginia showing the progress being made on my sleeves—I hope this page gets pinned on their fridge with the tackiest of magnets!"

PHOTO BY GREG MANIS





INDIAN INK Trace Cyrus, the son of Billy Ray Cyrus, has a pop band called Ashland High and some of the sickest ink in young Hollywood. Influenced by the tattoos of his parents and bands like Blink-182 and Good Charlotte, the 23-year-old is already covered from face to feet. His impressive back piece, done by Chris Garcia, is Geronimo's portrait with Cyrus's mantra and the name of his clothing line, "Southern Made, Hollywood Paid," around the portrait. "We grew up on a farm in the South where the Native American culture is a big part of us," Cyrus says. "It shows love to my father and my roots."



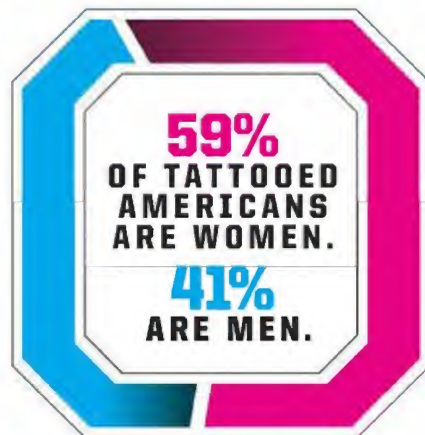
BUZZ...BUZZ...BUZZ

It's 2012 and we don't yet have a hovercraft in every garage, but we are inching closer to having tattoos that alert you about incoming calls. Nokia recently patented "a material attachable to skin, the material capable of detecting a magnetic field and transferring a perceivable stimulus to the skin, wherein the perceivable stimulus relates to the magnetic field." One of their options for the material is an "ink enriched by ferromagnetic or paramagnetic compounds." So essentially your phone will emit a magnetic pulse that vibrates the tattoo on your skin—and it will be really tough to change carriers.



SCRATCH AND SNIFF

When Diesel tapped Mister Cartoon to adorn bottles of its Only the Brave Tattoo fragrance, the mythical tattoo and graffiti artist created script for the bottle in the form of a hand tattoo as well as box lettering and a cholo clown for the packaging. Diesel says the fragrance is for the brave, for "having the courage to wear your convictions on your skin forever."



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It's getting hot out there and in here.

SUMMERTIME SIPPERS

The recipe for a good warm-weather drink: one part from the liquor store, one part from the refrigerator at the convenience store.

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince's "Summertime" is on heavy radio rotation, the Red Sox are in their mid-season slump, and everybody is putting citrus into their beers—it must be summer. If you are in any state other than Hawaii, it's inappropriate to quaff piña colodas in December. But why? Thanks to modern convenience, coconuts don't go out of season, so that can't be it. Even though cocktail umbrella makers might disagree, we think it's actually nice that there is a summer drink season (if every day were your birthday you'd quickly grow tired of cake—even ice cream cake).

So it's time for a little bit of citrus. The hardened barfly may say it's added to keep the scurvy at bay,

but really it's enjoyable to have a touch of the acidic in your tippie when the weather warms. Citrus serves as a great mixer because it is strong enough to work with the flavor of alcohol, yet it can blend with anything (unlike tonic water or cola). And as newish fruity drinks like Vita Coco, Pom Wonderful, and whatever Snapple has in the pipeline saturate the stores, why not take them home, mix them with alcohol, and enjoy? Find some of our favorite concoctions to the right, but feel free to freestyle after going to your local 7-11 (just be more adventurous than Fruit Punch Gatorade and vodka). We don't want an endless summer, but we will take a bottomless pitcher. —Robert McCormick

COCKTAIL CONVERSATION

A chat with **Marisol Agredo**, a bartender at High Dive in Brooklyn.

INKED: What separates High Dive from other dive bars?

Marisol Agredo: People love us for the beer selection, pinball, great music, and all the free popcorn you can shove in your face. You turn on the popcorn machine and it's like blood in the water.

Do your tattoos garner the same reaction? I always get a lot of compliments on them. It's only annoying when I'm slammed and get waved down by someone I think needs a drink, only to discover they just want to see my arm.

Do you have a favorite piece? My left half-sleeve from Miss D'Jo at Lark Street Tattoo. It's a bearded dude in a prom dress astride a big unicorn. It started out as a joke and kept going. It keeps me from taking myself and my tattoos too seriously.

We're told that the staff gets to make their own mix tapes to play during their shifts. What's on yours? My playlist is pretty varied; it goes from '70s punk to soul to '90s rock, some newer indie, and always the Misfits.

What's with the chalk around the bar? It's graffiti without the guilt. People write some ridiculous stuff, including love notes to the bartenders. And dicks. Someone always draws a dick.



COCO BEACH

Pour 1 ½ ounces Sailor Jerry Rum in a highball glass over ice, fill with coconut water, squeeze in a lime, and shake for as long as it takes you to hum a Beach Boys chorus off of *Pet Sounds*.



PALM AID

Pour 1 ½ ounces Skyy Vodka into a tumbler, add 1 ounce Pom Wonderful juice, and top with lemon-lime soda. It should look like the prettiest sunset in a glass.



PEACHES AND MANGOSTEEN AND CREAM

Pour 4 ounces Wodka Vodka, 3 ounces Snapple Peach Mangosteen, a cut peach, ½ cup milk, and 2 scoops ice cream into a blender. Push the button.



FIVE and DIAMOND

WILD CARD

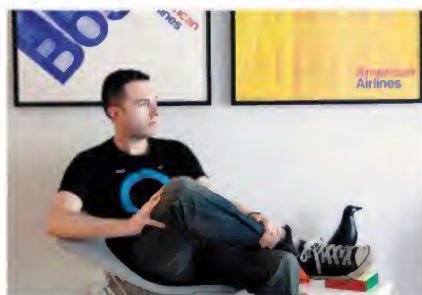
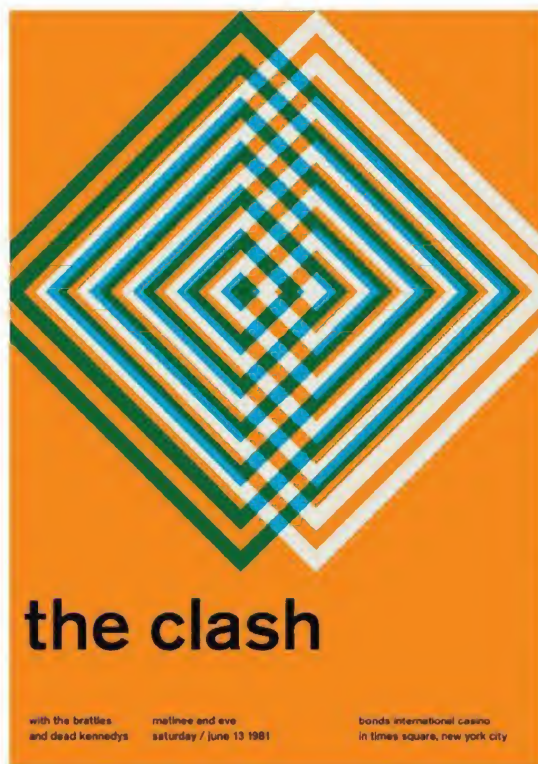
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wildcardcollection.com

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Clockwise from top left: *Bikini Kill* at Macondo Cultural Center, 1993; *The Clash* at Bonds International Casino, 1981; *Black Flag* at The Cuckoos Nest, 1981; *Danzig* at The First Avenue Club, 1990; *The Accused* at Kesha's Inn, 1988; portrait of Mike Joyce; 999 at CBGB, 1985; *Channel 3* at The Troubadour, 1983.



MOD PUNK

Mix master Mike Joyce blends punk rock and Swiss Modernism.

Swissted, the brainchild of New York City-based graphic designer Mike Joyce, is a series of nearly 250 vintage music posters redesigned in the vein of Swiss Modernism—clean lines, bold fonts, strong colors, readability, and objectivity.

Joyce, born and raised outside of Albany, NY, attended Alfred University School of Art and Design, where he studied under famed Swiss Modernist and graphic designer Fred Toller. "He was my mentor," Joyce says of the educator, who passed away in 2002 and is partly responsible for his artistic eye. "I loved what Fred taught me."

A freelancer since 1994, Joyce started his graphic design venture, Stereotype Design, a decade ago. He's developed projects for Sony Music, Virgin Records, Triple Crown Records, and East West Records. "I've created everything from music packaging to posters to merchandise," Joyce says of working with musicians like The Lemonheads, Iggy Pop, Morphine, Natalie Merchant, and Thirty Seconds to Mars.

Developing projects for the music industry is just an extension of who Joyce is. He grew up going to punk and hardcore shows and always admired the music posters slapped up around town. When

he fell in love with International Typographic Style posters, he wanted to fuse that passion with his passion for punk rock. The outcome is a collection of redesigned vintage punk, hardcore, and indie rock show flyers in a Swiss Modernist design, set in all lowercase Berthold Akzidenz-Grotesk medium font. "I'm not even really sure why I started this project," Joyce says of Swissted. "I guess it began as a personal experiment of sorts."

Each poster is based on an actual show: Pearl Jam at Compact Disc World at Menlo Park Mall in New Jersey, November 1991; The Accused at Kesha's Inn in Berkeley, CA, June 1988; Necros at Bookie's Club in Detroit, September 1981.

While it's fun to look at each poster individually, Swissted is more impactful as a collection—obviously. Swissted.com, the site featuring the posters, went live in January and has already garnered hundreds of thousands of hits, and Joyce is also in the process of putting together a book with Quirk Books, due out in 2013. "I always used to say to myself, 'One day, I will redesign these old concert posters and converge the same stripped-down, minimal approach of punk music and Swiss Modernism.'" Lucky for us, he did. —Kara Pound

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SID AND FANCY

Art-inspired clothing line Rum Knuckles Disneyfied the lead singer of the Sex Pistols for their Sid shirt (about \$47, rumknuckles.com).



BANGIN' DRUM

A few New Jersey tattoo artists painted cool artwork on some drums (Sophia Wescott did the one shown here). Visit creationdrums.com/the_tattoo_project to commission yours.

HIP FLASK

It looks like it plays Memorex tapes, but the Drinkman (\$13; justmustard.com) actually holds your liquor.

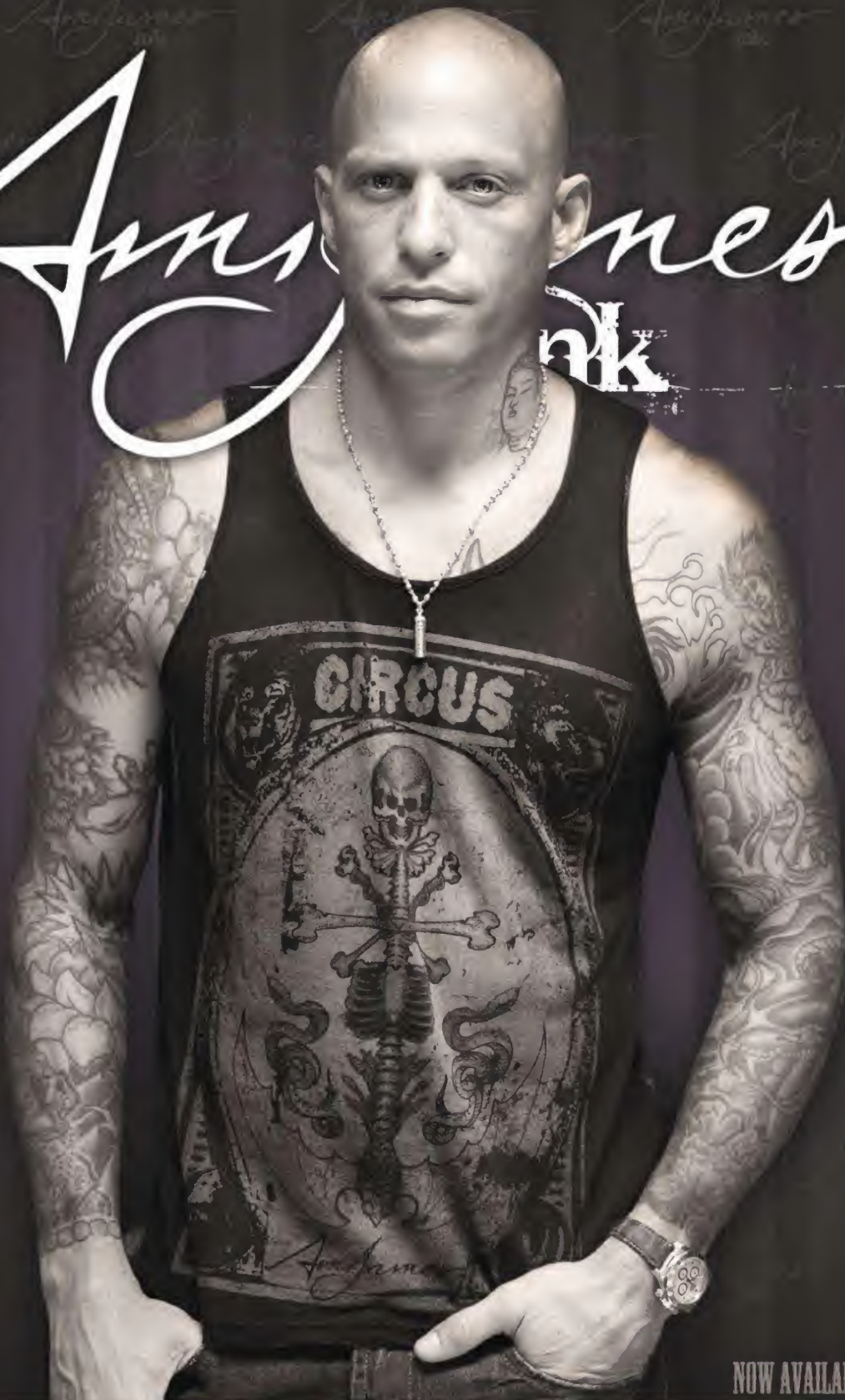


WHAT A CARD!

The Tattoo It Yourself Cards (\$18 for five, kolbisneat.com) are a set of blank greeting cards that you can draw tattoos on. Suck it, Hallmark.



Ami James Ink



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THE COASTERS

Lauren and Lillith cut out the center of old vinyls to create these cool drink coasters (\$18 for four, etsy.com/laurenandlillith).



RINGTONE

King Baby Studio collaborated with Fender to make this sterling silver ring (\$630, kingbabystudio.com) in the shape of those old 45 spider adapters.

LIVE INKED

If you're still working on your sleeve, Fatal's I Love Tattoos Bracelets (\$5, fatalclothing.com) show your devotion past the cuff.



CARRY A TUNE

Popkiller's Amp Bag (\$38, popkiller.us) makes you look like a roadie even if you are just walking down the street.



HOLY SMOKES!

We present the Bat Mirror (\$398, katzhq.com). According to its artist creator, Stanislav Katz, "Rumor has it that the one who dares to gaze at it long enough will see a certain superhero symbol unravel."

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INK ON THE STREET

SUBJECT: Marc Nava

SPOTTED: Williamsburg, Brooklyn

WHERE HE GETS INKED: Cathedral Tattoo in Salt Lake City, by Tyler James Densley. "I've always been super into his stuff; it's bold, bright, and solid—exactly what you would want in a tattoo," says Nava. "His concepts are unique but still keep a genuine traditional look, which is what originally drew me to his work." Nava's snail with a skull shell and the lettering *Time Is Everything* is a tribute to a song by Ian Brown, the singer of the Stone Roses. "Tyler killed it for sure," says Nava of the piece.

WHAT HE'S WEARING: Native The Jefferson shoes (\$45, nativeshoes.com).

BRAND BACKSTORY: No respectable male should wear Crocs (we are looking at you, Favre and Batali). Native shoes, on the other foot, are a fashionable cousin to those rubbery-duck slip-ons. By pouring ethylene vinyl acetate into classic forms like boats and mods, Native creates slick summer footwear that will turn heads—in a good way. You'll pick up a pair in lieu of sandals to wear *just* around the house, and then find yourself wearing them to get the mail and to get coffee down the street. Within a month, your Natives will be the only thing you are wearing on your off days. They're that comfortable.

WHAT ELSE HE'S WEARING: American Apparel shirt, Marc Jacobs suspenders, WeSC headphones, Bullhead jeans.



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BACKSTAGE ASS

GROUPIES RULE(S)

Rap-rocker Deuce breaks from the Hollywood Undead and hits the concert season solo with his album *Nine Lives*. Here, he bequeaths his rules for hot summer nights.



1. BE IN A BAND. When I was in the Hollywood Undead, all these girls wanted to fuck me. Then when I was breaking up with the band and lost cred, nobody wanted to fuck me. But then when I got back on the scene and the radio, the tables turned and the ladies are back.

2. GET ON THE ROAD. You see the same girls all the time at home, so go on tour. Florida, Texas, and Canada have a shitload of hot girls.

3. GET A FACEBOOK PAGE. You talk to these girls on Facebook, and then when you are in their city you do a posting like, "Who the fuck is in Houston?" and then you see who comments and you can check out their pictures.

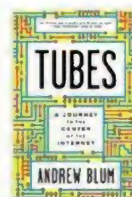
4. GET A GOOD WINGMAN. My backup singer b.LaY pretty much fucks everything that walks. It's like having a good partner in music. We roll out and whoever gets the girl, gets the girl. We don't fight over them, but I normally leave with the hottest one.

5. DON'T OVERLOOK THE GROUPIES. Groupie chicks are more fun than regular chicks. I don't care if the girl [gets around] if she is fun to hang out with. Groupies don't waste time; some will just take their clothes off right when they meet you. I've even seen girls with Deuce or *Nine Lives* tattoos, and if they are cute I'm in.

6. HAVE YOUR BOUNDARIES. One time as I was passing out, this girl put her hands down my pants and reached for my ass. That was creepy. I'm not into that shit. I passed out eventually, so I hope she didn't ass-rape me.

7. WEAR A CONDOM. I always wear a condom—that's the most important rule, next to "Don't touch my ass."

BOOK



INTERNET EXPLORER

The internet "is not a big truck"; it's "a series of tubes," said senator Ted Stevens. In *Tubes*, Andrew Blum takes readers on a quest to map the landmarks that made the internet possible. Throw away your preconceived notions about the nebulous nature of the web and discover lots of corporate infrastructure, including massive, anonymous data centers in suburban America and high-security routing hubs in key European cities—all connected, of course, by a series of tubes. It's a groundbreaking piece of travel and tech writing that will change the way you think about our interconnected world. But a bit of fair warning: This one has a high nerd quotient. —Anthony Vargas

MOVIES



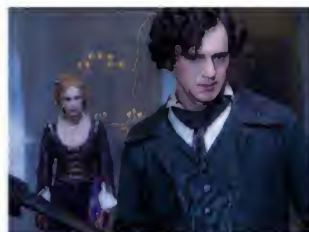
PROMETHEUS

Ridley Scott returning to sci-fi is huge, but him returning to the *Alien* universe is übergeekastic. What started off as a true *Alien* prequel has evolved into something else. The plot is top-secret and the makers claim our beloved xenomorphs won't be showing up, but the glimpses of Weyland company logos, derelict spacecraft, space jockey, and H.R. Giger creepiness still scream *Alien*. Avengers and Hobbits are cool, but *Prometheus* is without a doubt the most highly anticipated flick of the year, and we hope it scares the shit out of us. —Gil Macias



SNOW WHITE AND THE HUNTSMAN

Don't let the presence of Kristen Stewart fool you. *Snow White and the Huntsman* is a dark, serious, and solid action-adventure that's far from the tone of the Disney version and that god-awful *Mirror Mirror*. In this new vision of the tale we all know, the evil queen (Charlize Theron) wants Snow White (Stewart) dead, but the young woman has been training in the art of war with the very same Huntsman (Chris Hemsworth, Thor) who was dispatched to kill her. The effects are stunning, and Charlize looks fucking awesome as the Evil Queen. —G.M.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN: VAMPIRE HUNTER

Based on the novel by Seth Grahame-Smith and directed by the visionary Timur Bekmambetov (*Wanted*, *Night Watch*), this wicked-looking flick reimagines the life of America's beloved president Abe Lincoln as a vampire hunter! Turns out, he wasn't just freeing slaves; he was stopping the undead from dominating the country. Benjamin Walker plays the titular role and certainly looks the part, while Mary Elizabeth Winstead plays Mary Todd. Tim Burton produces. What an interesting alternative to Steven Spielberg's *Lincoln*, coming later this year. —G.M.

DVD



LETHAL WEAPON COLLECTION

One of the best buddy cop series of all time is getting its glorious Blu-ray box set treatment just in time for Father's Day. In this five-disc set, you get all four films and loads of extras, including four featurettes about the making of each film, deleted scenes, outtakes, and cast interviews with Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, Rene Russo, Joe Pesci, and Richard Donner. It's hard to believe Riggs and Murtaugh have been around for 25 years, but no matter how long ago it was—or how many times you've seen these flicks—you're never "too old for this shit." Bring on *Lethal Weapon 5*. —G.M.

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VIDEO GAMES



LOLLIPOP CHAINSAW

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360

When a San Romero High School goth geek gets revenge on the student body by turning them into brain-eating undead, a bubbly cheerleader shows her school spirit by putting down the pom-poms and picking up a chainsaw. Meet Juliet Starling, a well-endowed, scantily clothed babe who has more talent than her surface traits imply. Using her acrobatic training in tandem with her custom chainsaw, this deadly vixen methodically sweeps the cafeteria, gym, and school parking lot, carving up zombies to a soundtrack provided by Mindless Self Indulgence's Jimmy Urine. When the horde overwhelms her, she can enlist the help of her disembodied boyfriend, who takes control of decapitated zombies to even up the odds. The only hall pass you need to enjoy this lighthearted high school romp is a tolerance for bloodshed, skin, and swearing. **Play if you like:** *The Evil Dead*, *No More Heroes*, *Grindhouse* —Matt Bertz



SPEC OPS: THE LINE

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360, PC

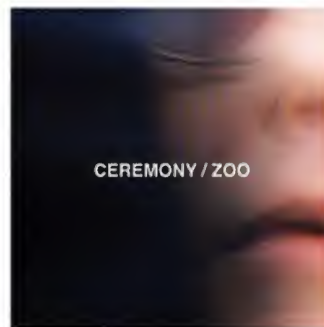
With gorgeous resorts, opulent hotels, and indoor ski resorts, Dubai acts as the Las Vegas of the Middle East. But after a crippling sandstorm devastates the desert city and the U.S. loses contact with the infantry team sent in to coordinate the evacuation, a small team of Delta Force operators is dispatched to search for survivors. They arrive to bodies hanging from street lamps and the lost Colonel broadcasting cryptic messages throughout the largely abandoned tourist destination. Like the infamous Colonel Kurtz from *Apocalypse Now*, this former charismatic leader has gone rogue and his infantry unit is blindly following his orders to oppose your presence. Can you turn the gun on your fellow soldiers as you journey into the heart of darkness? **Play if you like:** *Apocalypse Now*, *BioShock*, *Army of Two: The 40th Day* —M.B.



DARKSIDERS II

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360, PC

Being one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse is a lot more political than just spreading war, death, pestilence, and famine to the four corners of the world. After the horseman War is blamed for prematurely starting Armageddon on earth, his brother Death travels to the Nether Realms between heaven and hell to try and clear his name. With famed comic book artist Joe Madureira as creative director, this sequel builds upon the original sleeper hit in every meaningful way. With intense hack-and-slash combat, a huge world ripe for exploration, loot-filled dungeons, and a role-playing-game-style progression system, you don't need to be a biblical scholar to get sucked into this fantasy adventure game. **Play if you like:** *God of War*, *Battle Chasers*, *Legacy of Kain: Soul Reaver* —M.B.



THE Inked PLAYLIST

BY JONAH BAYER

CEREMONY

"Citizen"

Equal parts British punk and L.A. hardcore.

ANTI-FLAG

"Controlled Opposition"

They are growing angrier with age, and the opening blast from their new disc is a legit call to arms.

BECK

"Looking for a Sign"

Fans of Beck's classic album *Sea Change* will love this acoustic-driven ballad ... and so will pretty much everyone else.

BRENDAN KELLY AND THE WANDERING BIRDS

"What's a Boy to Do?"

A gritty song from the Lawrence Arms front-man Brendan Kelly.

CROCODILES

"Sunday (Psychic Conversation #9)"

Their fuzzed-out pop music is the perfect soundtrack to a summer stroll.

DEATH BY STEREO

"WTF Is Going on Around Here?"

It's the song that will launch a thousand circle pits.

HOT WATER MUSIC

"Drag My Body"

This impassioned anthem isn't only inspiring but also features a boss bass line.

JOYCE MANOR

"Violent Inside"

This extremely catchy track shows why Joyce Manor are one of the most buzzed-about bands in the underground.

RAVENS & CHIMES

"Carousel"

Their indie-pop sounds like it was tailor-made for the soundtrack of a Wes Anderson film.



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Only women over 18 are eligible to apply. Please make sure your local laws allow you to pose nude before applying. Must be comfortable appearing in nude photos. Finalists application photos will appear on a cobranded site and will be voted on by the public. Winner will be selected and announced on October 15, 2012.

Good luck!

THE SIZZLER

SPF should really stand for Stay Protected, Fool.

Are you currently wearing sunscreen?

- A. Yes.
B. Nah, brah.
C. No.

If you answered A, you can stop reading and just ogle the girl to the right. B, you are already fried. C, know this: Sun protection is the most important thing you can do for your skin—and your tattoos. Even though you might buy the stuff, “99 percent of the problem is that people don’t put it on,” says David J. Ores, M.D. Now for the fine print: Slapping some goop on your face once or twice in the summer won’t cut the mustard. “The biggest mistake men make is not using sunscreen all year round,” explains Dr. Ores. No, you won’t get roasted sitting outside on Christmas Day, but you’ll still be exposed to the sun’s UVA rays (the ones that age your skin and your ink). The other thing you need to remember is to reapply, especially in the great outdoors. “Sunscreen isn’t magic armor. You can’t put it on once and think you’re good to go all day. Reapply every two to three hours, especially between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. Better yet, stay in the shade too,” says Dr. Ores.

SPF 15 is fine for daily use, but for full days outdoors, up it to SPF 30 and make sure it’s labeled as water resistant. If you need help remembering to use the stuff every day, buy a moisturizer with SPF, “keep it on the sink, and use it instead of aftershave,” suggests Dr. Ores. Or leave yourself a Post-It. Or have Siri remind you. Whatever you have to do—there’s no reason the habit shouldn’t be as routine as brushing your teeth. Especially considering the alternative: Skin cancer and blown-out tattoos. Start by using the SPF stalwarts below ASAP. You’ll thank us in 20 years when you don’t look like Snooki. —Christine Avalon



BILLY JEALOUSY COMBAT LINES FACE MOISTURIZER SPF 30

Make this hydrator (\$38, billyjealousy.com) your everyday go-to. Not only does it have the necessary SPF, but there are other anti-aging ingredients that will keep your money-maker looking fresh.



ALTERNA MEN BAMBOO THICKENING GEL-LOTION WITH SPF 15

Believe it, your dome can get burned too—particularly if you sport a buzz cut or are follicly challenged. This styler (\$18, ulta.com) makes hair look thicker while protecting your scalp from the sun.



EVERY MAN JACK LIP BALM SPF 15

The only thing worse than chapped lips is sunburned lips. Conveniently, this balm (\$5, everymanjack.com) helps prevent both.



WATERMANS APPLIED SCIENCE FACE STICK SPF 55

Spill-proof, mess-proof, foolproof, this solid (\$16, watermansappliedscience.com) is ideal for keeping in your pocket on beach days.

She's got
a sunny
disposition.




STYLING: BETHANY WOLOSKY; MAKEUP: ROBERT REYES USING MAC; HAIR: JILLIAN HALOUSKA; PINUP COUTURE SWIMSUIT; PATRICIA FIELD HAIR CLIP; MODEL: ANGIE DURAN



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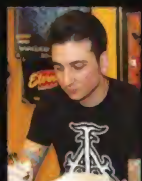
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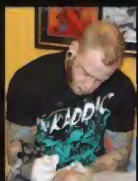
Dan Henk



Jeremy Miller



Danny Fugate



Steve Martin

A big "THANK YOU" to all of our supporting artists who help make up the InkAddict Community.



MYRTLE BEACH, SC

This shore town is the playground of golfers, Kenny Powers, and the tattooed.



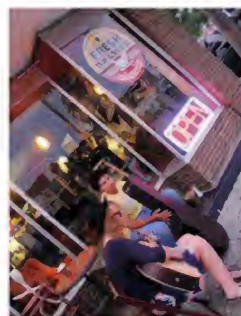
Myrtle Beach is the Southeast's go-to beach destination. On its shores—or, more accurately, near them—lies Elite Ink (702 Seaboard St.), the oldest shop in town, which has won *Sun News* "Best of the Beach" awards multiple times. In addition to quality ink, the place offers all the comforts of home and then some, including pool tables, multiple TVs, and Wi-Fi. Black-and-gray specialist Josh Griswold helped open Elite six years ago (tattooing in South Carolina wasn't legal until 2004). Allow him to show you his vacation city. —Zac Clark

GET HAPPY Throwing the happiest happy hours in the area, The Short Bar (4078 Highway 17, Murrells Inlet) is a veritable circus. There's a cast of regulars here, though you might prefer to call them characters. "The ringmaster of the place, Whitey Klown, is a killer dude to spend a few hours drinking and watching a game with," Griswold says. "Just don't root against his team."



GREEK LOVE When you hear the term "Greek restaurant" you may think of a sticky diner or humble gyro shop, but Mykonos (1002 29th Ave. N) is more nouveau-Parthenon than greasy spoon. From the road, it's hard to miss the impressive exterior, and the inside is as sleek as a Mediterranean villa. Oh, and the food! They serve all the Greek staples—gyros, hummus, and baklava—plus fantastic octopus, clam, and she-crab dishes. This is where the fellas at Elite go for their brunch. "We stop in before work and hit up the insane breakfast buffet on Sunday," Griswold says.

LISTENING ON THE DOCK OF THE BAY The Boathouse Waterway Bar & Grille (201 Fantasy Harbour Blvd.) really rocks. Located on the Intracoastal Waterway, Myrtle Beach's most idyllic local music venue is accessible by car, boat, and sandaled foot. Their summer concert series is one of the town's most popular summer events, and this year's lineup includes the renowned Bob Marley tribute band Katchafire. "It's a good place to spend the day on the water listening to good music," says Griswold.



LOCAL COLOR Decorated by local artists, Fresh Brewed Coffee & Music House (933 Broadway St.) has your fix for caffeine as well as creativity. "They have good indie performers, and it's a great place to go relax and grab a cup or sit down and draw," says Griswold. Check out their calendar before you go—there's live music most nights—or just pop in and be dazzled.

LAST SHOT Magoo's Sports & Spirits (3308 Waccamaw Blvd.) has the recipe for the perfect watering hole: 24 televisions, a huge mahogany bar, and games. "It's a great late-night spot to shoot pool," Griswold says. They also specialize in classic bar fare and are especially known for their wings, available in multiple variations from mild to suicide. With daily specials as well as a friendly staff and crowd of locals, Magoo's offers both a full stomach and an interesting night.





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Clockwise from top:
Wrangler Unlimited;
BMW 128i
Convertible; Fiat
500C; Corvette 427.

BLOW THE ROOF OFF

Everything is more fun topless.
Hop into a convertible this summer.

Summer is in full swing and it's too short of a season to spend inside, even if you're driving. Other than sticking your head out the window like a Labradoodle or taking an angle grinder to your ride's roof, the only way to cruise in full appreciation of the sun's embrace is to convert—and we're not talking about adopting Scientology.

FIAT 500C The 2013 model from the Italian automaker is simple and streamlined, with a double-layer weatherproof top fixed along two tracks on the roof. You can pull the top all the way back and fold it behind the passenger headrest, or you can pull it back partially like a sunroof. The clean and tailored dash features a center-mounted circular dual display for the speedometer and tachometer, which seems all too at home in the 500C's TIE fighter couture interior. The rest of the model is as customizable as a fine Italian suit, with a range of options from a heated-seat leather luxury package to a Bose sound system or navigation system.

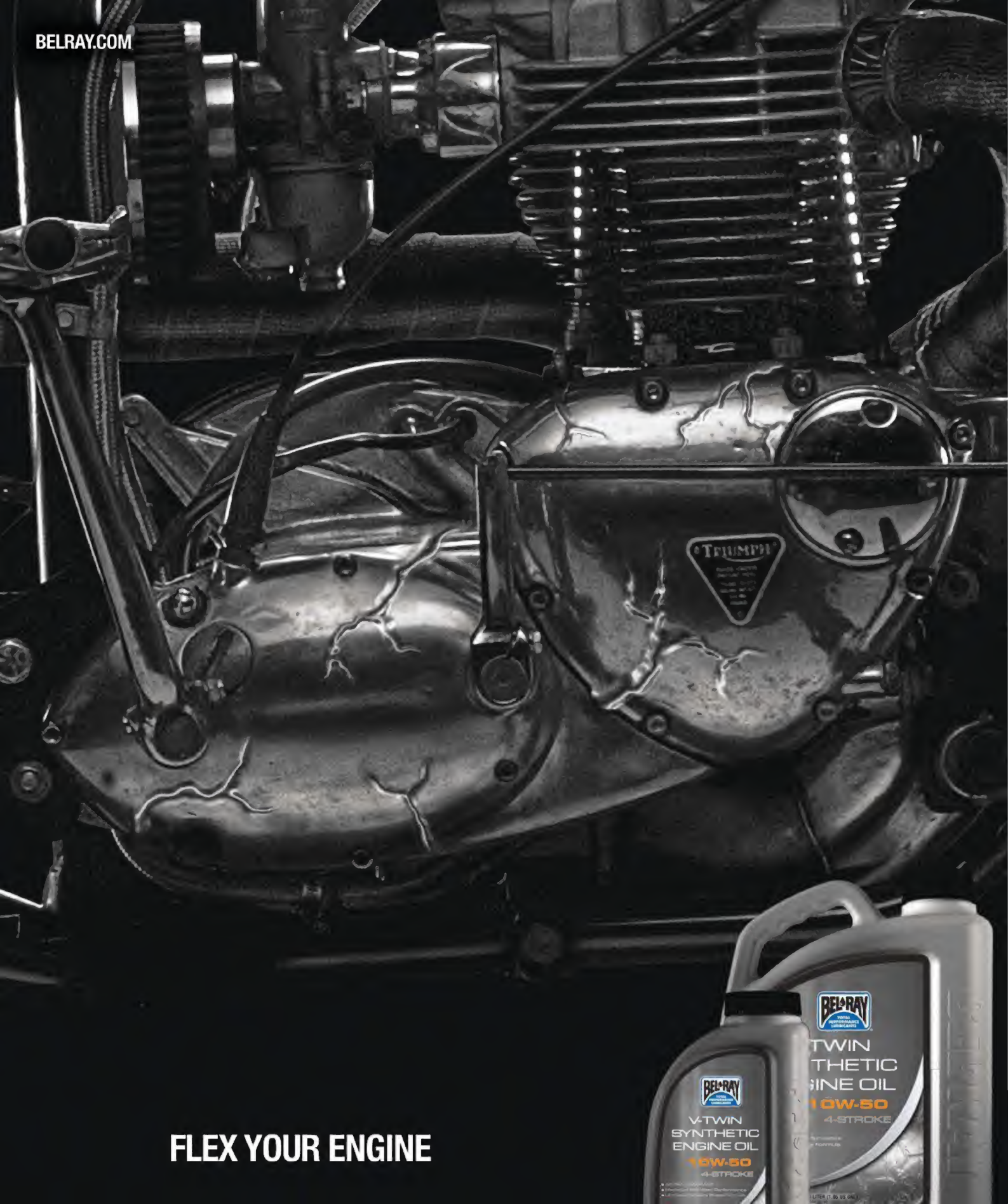
CORVETTE 427 The 2013 Vette marks the 60th anniversary of the iconic family of American automobiles. As a nod to the 427 Big-Block engines of decades past, Chevy keeps its eyes on the horizon by housing a 427-cubic-inch engine under the revamped hood of its new Corvette. The 427 is decked out in carbon fiber components, making it a remarkably lightweight ride considering it has the most powerful engine that Chevy has ever put in this particular family of vehicles. How powerful? The 2013 boasts a monstrous 505 horsepower and 470 lb-ft of

torque. As the last model of the C6 generation, it's a rolling piece of history, and a commemorative anniversary edition is available with white with blue stripes stitched across the soft top.

WRANGLER UNLIMITED Wranglers are a rare breed of vehicle. You'd be hard pressed to find another machine on the market that's as rough as it is reliable, equal parts brains and balls. The off-road icon has seen few major changes since its predecessor, the Jeep CJ, was introduced in the '40s, and its utilitarian design has stood the test of time. The 2013 Unlimited is fully capable of climbing a mountain straight off the showroom floor, and because of that it's one of the safest vehicles on or off the road, with available ABS and antiskid and traction control. A soft top comes standard and folds down in a matter of minutes, and the available hard top pops off without a hitch. Now go play in the dirt.

BMW 128I CONVERTIBLE Nothing says *smooth* like a Bimmer, and the 128i is no different. With its crisp lines, bold curves, and overall performance, the smallest BMW on the market definitely grabs attention without grabbing too much hard-earned cash out of your pocket. The latest installment in the series is this convertible hatch that, despite its size, still packs a mean 230 horsepower from its 3.0-liter in-line six. Like most BMWs, the 128i is made for the open road; the handling begs for tight turns and the relatively tall tires ensure a smooth ride. Overall, it's an unmistakable child of the BMW family, built to cruise and look good doing it. So pull back the ragtop, buckle up, and keep it classy. —Nick Fierro

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JUL 22 LAS VEGAS, NV - HOUSE OF BLUES
JUL 25 DALLAS, TX - HOUSE OF BLUES
JUL 26 SAN ANTONIO, TX - WHITE RABBIT
JUL 27 MISSION, TX - PHARR EVENTS CENTER
JUL 28 HOUSTON, TX - HOUSE OF BLUES
JUL 30 TAMPA, FL - THE RITZ
JUL 31 FT. LAUDERDALE, FL - REVOLUTION
AUG 1 ATLANTA, GA - THE MASQUERADE

AUG 2 KNOXVILLE, TN - THE VALARIUM
AUG 3 CHARLOTTE, NC - AMOS SOUTHEND
AUG 4 BALTIMORE, MD - SONAR
AUG 5 PHILADELPHIA, PA - THE TROCADERO
AUG 7 SAYREVILLE, NJ - STARLAND BALLROOM
AUG 8 NEW YORK, NY - IRVING PLAZA
AUG 9 ALBANY, NY - NORTHERN LIGHTS
AUG 10 WORCESTER, MA - THE PALLADIUM
AUG 11 MONTREAL, QC - HEAVY MONTREAL
AUG 12 TORONTO, ON - HEAVY TORONTO

AUG 14 CLEVELAND, OH - HOUSE OF BLUES
AUG 15 DETROIT, MI - ST. ANDREW'S
AUG 16 CHICAGO, IL - HOUSE OF BLUES
AUG 17 MILWAUKEE, WI - RAVE
AUG 18 ST. PAUL, MN - STATION 4
AUG 20 DENVER, CO - SUMMIT MUSIC HALL
AUG 22 SEATTLE, WA - SHOWBOX SODO
AUG 23 PORTLAND, OR - ROSELAND THEATER
AUG 24 SAN FRANCISCO, CA - THE FILLMORE
AUG 25 ANAHEIM, CA - THE GROVE

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"I CAME FROM A STRICT RELIGIOUS HOUSEHOLD OF JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES. THEY FROWN UPON TATTOOS, BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN DRAWN TO HOW PEOPLE CAN TELL A STORY OF THEIR LIFE STRUGGLE THROUGH BODY ART." —AUSTIN BROWN



GROOMING: KERRIE URBAN/ARTISTS BY NEXT FOR DIOR

photo by NICK WALKER

JUNE/JULY 2012 | 43

AUSTIN BROWN

Remember before the tabloid treatment of Michael Jackson, when he was just an Afro-sporting preteen from Gary, Indiana, who made you shake it, shake it, baby? Allow us to introduce you to a brilliant young incarnation who is making infectious grooves that echo early '70s soul. His name is Austin Brown and he is blood heir to King of Pop royalty (son of Maureen "Rebbie" Jackson and nephew of MJ). To be clear, he's not looking to ride on any family coattails. He may be writing and recording in addition to producing—a career spawned when he was just 12—but he mentions the term "hard work" more than a few times during a recent conversation from his studio in L.A. "You have to put in 10,000 hours to ever make a difference," says the 26-year-old. "It's a grind and I have to love it every single day. Just like everybody else, I have to keep pushing, working harder."

Although he hit the road with both Janet and Michael, occasionally getting onstage for upward of 50,000 people, Brown's life has been grounded, free of the pitfalls of child stardom, thanks to his mother. His career to this point has consisted of a lot of ghostwriting, he says, on things for which he's "not old enough to claim credit."

But now he's certainly old enough to front a seven-piece band and tour clubs and festivals with a mix of soul, hip-hop, R&B, house, and folk this sum-

mer. Brown is also excited to be working with an array of artists from Pharrell Williams to Ryan Tedder to Q-Tip, whom he cites as a great mentor.

And while his upbringing has instilled a solid work ethic, he's gotten his ink against his family's wishes. "I came from a strict religious household of Jehovah's Witnesses. They frown upon tattoos, but I've always been drawn to how people can tell a story of their life struggle through body art," Brown says. His first piece was a charm bracelet around his wrist, with two charms; one was a music note, the other read "Mom." "My mom could only get so mad," he laughs. "No matter what, my parents support me 100 percent." He went on to collect a goddess of music, the word "Blessed" as a tribute to the "amazing women" in his life, a little angel with an "MJ scroll" for all his family members who have passed, and a rose on the inside of his forearm.

This year, Brown is most excited about his project "Music Mondays," a plan to release one new song each week on austinbrown.com. "I like to give people a week to listen to it and let the fans tell me what they like. Then I can see what people gravitate to, put together the favorites, and put out an album," he says. "What we do when we make music is bring a message of soul, build a quality story line, balance a lot of retro harmonies and chord changes, and keep it fun." —Jon Coen



NIKKI LANE

"I really can't sit still for very long—it makes me depressed," says raspy-voiced Nashville rockabilly singer Nikki Lane. Such is the stir-crazy philosophy that strings together most elements of her life: her rather nonlinear career path (a corporate job with Marc Ecko in New York dots her résumé before she even taught herself to write songs in her mid-20s), her "personal timeline" of impulsive tattoos, including the quote "wanderlust calls again" on her forearm, and the restless lyrics on her latest album, *Walk of Shame*, which chronicle everything from fleeing the morning after a one-night stand to feeling antsy just a month into a marriage. Although dropping out of her Greenville, SC, high school and driving to Los Angeles is the story behind the album's single "Gone, Gone, Gone," we caught up with Lane back in that very hometown, fresh off a call to book her new Coca-Cola bottle tattoo. "We're converting this old horse trailer into a mobile store for Austin [South by Southwest music festival]," says Lane. "In Nashville, I have a vintage store called High Class Hillbilly, so we're going to ride into Austin, partying out of this thing, making a scene, and selling clothes between my shows." Ever with her fingers in many pots, Lane's free-spirited opportunism is

how she got started with music in the first place. After she moved from L.A. to New York ("That's when I got my feather tattoo from Andrew 'The Kid' Farnsley at Shamrock Club—to represent being lightweight," she says), her boyfriend dumped her to pursue his own music career, leaving her alone in the introverted winter social scene with few friends. "I was like, 'Fuck that. If he's going to go give music a shot, so am I,'" Lane says. Holed up in her apartment, she spent a month playing along to Loretta Lynn, Waylon Jennings, and Neil Young, screwing around with their songs to make her own until she had an entire album she self-released, called *No Room for Cowboys*. She then decided to move to Nashville and asked her favorite local artists over MySpace (drunkenly, she adds) if they wanted to play with her when she got there. Several took her up on it, and some even helped her write the songs for *Walk of Shame*. "Some artists think it's cheating that I didn't write the whole thing alone," she says, "but there's really no one way of doing something—music or tattoos or anything. I don't like to limit myself to one way of thinking, so anytime I'm asked if I'd rather do this or that, I always say, 'Both.'" —Katie Becker



LOGAN MORRISON

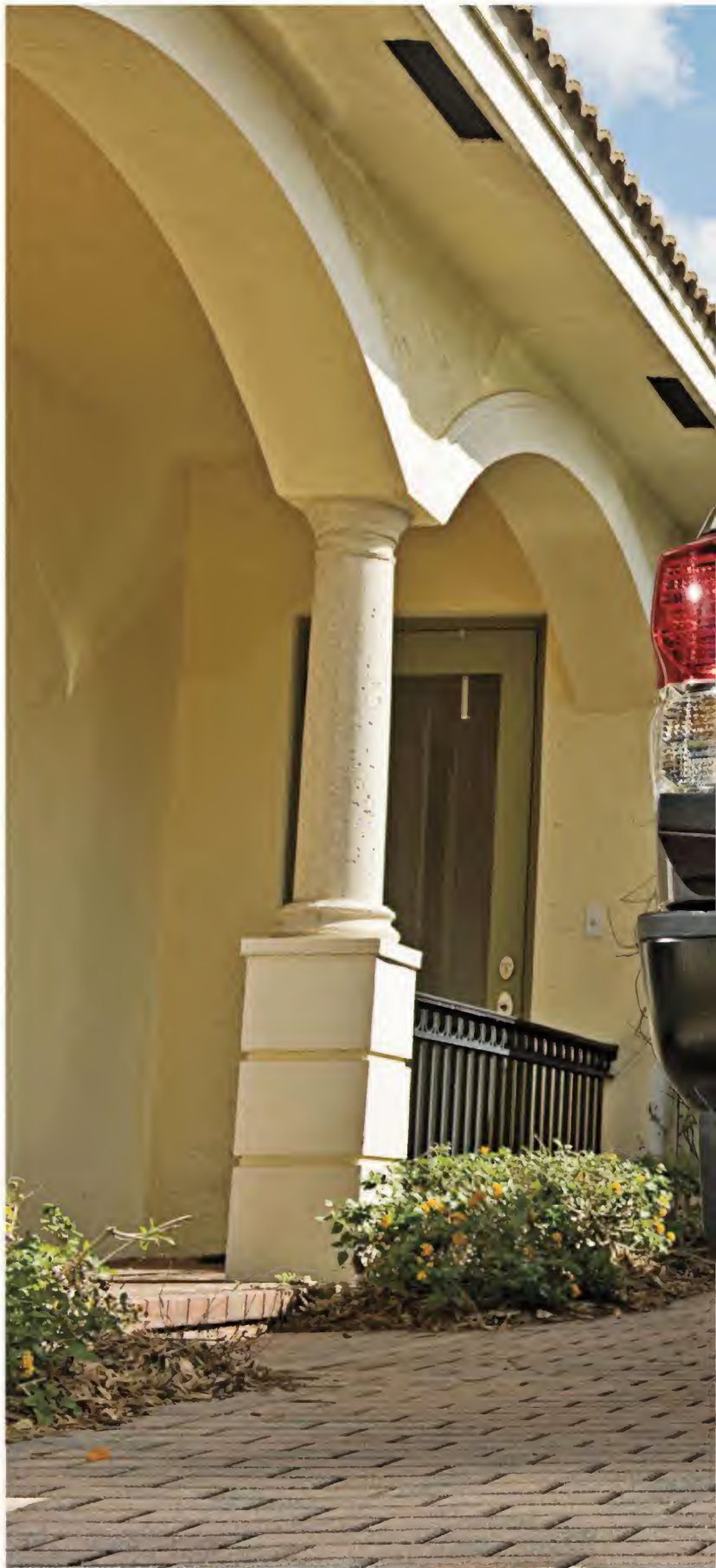
Almost every sports cliché is born from the idea that each team member is but a small part of a whole: "There is no / in team," "The name on the front of the jersey is more important than the name on the back," etc. Individuality may not necessarily be frowned upon, but it is far from encouraged. This is why Logan Morrison made such a splash when he made his debut with the Miami Marlins. His 23 homers last year brought him plenty of attention, as did his colorful tweets (@LoMoMarlins) and extensive ink.

In order to trace the path Morrison took to get to the big leagues, one really needs to look no further than his tattoos: He has a sleeve detailing every place he has lived prior to his spot in left field at the newly constructed Marlins Park. Included in the piece is a conch shell for Key West, a fleur-de-lis for New Orleans, and a fountain for Kansas City.

Morrison was able to build such a significant sleeve thanks to his father, an officer in the U.S. Coast Guard who moved the family around a lot. And when Morrison's father, Tom, passed away from cancer on December 9, 2010, Morrison got a memorial to him on his arm. Artist Brandon Bond worked with Morrison to design the fitting tribute, which includes his father's favorite handgun, his Coast Guard rank insignia, a silhouette of a father holding a child, and the corner of a \$100 bill. The money refers to a challenge his father gave him in Little League. "I didn't want to use wood bats, so he told me that if I hit a home run with a wood bat by the end of the summer he would give me a hundred dollars," Morrison recalls. "I hit a home run after two days of using it and rounded the bases yelling, 'You better pay up!'"

The tattoo also includes a baseball diamond with third base adorned by a starburst, since Morrison hit his first big league triple at the first game his father could attend (his father couldn't make it to his very first game in San Francisco because his immune system was too weak for him to fly; he had to wait until the Marlins were in New York later in the week). "He had to take a train from New Orleans to New York," Morrison remembers. "Thirty hours later he arrived in New York to see me play on my birthday."

As the Marlins move into a new stadium this year, they'll be sporting redesigned jerseys that haven't been met with much praise. "At first I didn't like them, but they have grown on me. Honestly, it's a big league jersey—it could say 'I'm with stupid' and I would still wear it," Morrison jokes. But even though the Marlins jerseys are more colorful now, they'll still pale in comparison to the ink Morrison sports underneath his number 5. —*Charlie Connell*





INKED GIRL

PHOTOS BY WARWICK SAINT






"My first tattoo
was a few stars
on my lower back.
I know, I know ...
it was a learning
experience."



Irma La Douce lingerie;
Fleet Jewelry earrings. Pre-
vious spread: Maison Close
bra and cuffs; Left Turn
Jewelry earrings.

Maison Close
underwear;
Pennyroyal
Silver necklace.





hen we introduced you to our 2012 Sailor Jerry Calendar Contest winner, Levy Tran, in the December/January issue, readers wrote in with comments such as, "I want to see more of her!" and, "She's an embalmer?" To answer the first, here you go! And for the second, we delve further into her dark occupation: "Teaching was just too much responsibility for me at that time," Tran says of her original vocation. "I took a two-year hiatus and worked at a Japanese restaurant, where I met some really awesome police officers who took me on ride-alongs out to the crime scenes, morgues, and coroner's office. That is when I started to really get interested in the whole field. I actually started off wanting to work at the coroner's office, but found a different path, mortuary science. I never was a science girl, but I fell in love with it."

Her first love before mortuary science, however, was ink. As early as 13, Tran had her heart set on tattoos, and she sprang for her first one as soon as she turned 18. "My first tattoo was a few stars on my lower back," she says. "I know, I know, it was a tramp stamp—it was a learning experience." From there, the rest of her body was fair game, from her flowery arms to the Smiths lyrics across her chest. "Some of my tattoos have meanings, but most of them are art pieces that I liked at that time. Now they hold value because they help bring me back to specific moments in my life. I wouldn't change my tattoos for the world."

After her tattoos and adorable looks won us over, others took notice, and her modeling career is taking off. The unintended side effect is that she has cooled it on embalming for the moment. "I was taking too much time off work at the funeral home to travel for photo shoots," Tran says. "My boss told me that I should pick one, and so I did." But her heart will always belong to the mortuary sciences; although we may never want her to disappear from magazines and computer screens, she does plan on returning to it. "I'm going back to it when I'm done with what I'm searching for," she says. "The ability to help those families at their most difficult and vulnerable time is so fulfilling to me. When they hug and thank me, I feel so proud and accomplished. Words can't describe how I feel after those hugs." —*Cristina Guarino*

Maison Close bra and boy shorts; Hendrick Brun shoes; Little Rooms cuff; Tulola earrings.







Maison Close
dress, garter, and
underwear; Anna
Sheffield bangle.

Stylist: Ashley Abercrombie
Hair: John Blaine at opusbeauty.com
Makeup: Donald Simrock for
Margaret Maldonado

Honeydew
underwear;
Fleet Jewelry
earrings.





GutTeR PUnts

**This is how the
Bouncing Souls roll.**

BY ELLEN THOMPSON
PHOTOS BY JONATHAN PUSHNIK





From left: Bryan Kienlen, Greg Attonito, Michael McDermott, Pete Steinkopf.

YOU KNOW THE STONE PONY, THE BOSS'S PLACE IN ASBURY PARK, NJ, BUT three blocks away, across a freshly paved municipal parking lot, sits The Bouncing Souls' home: Asbury Lanes. The heart of The Bouncing Souls (named from the Dr. Martens "With Bouncing Soles" tag), Bryan Kienlen and Pete Steinkopf, invite us into their joint.

"We've been coming here since, well, when they started doing shows here, like six years ago or so," Steinkopf says over the cracking of pins and blaring music. Glancing to his left, Steinkopf catches the eye of Kienlen, who is sitting alongside him on the orange, vinyl couch. "We started just coming down here and hanging out so often that it's become our home."

"Yeah, we're family with everyone who runs this place," Kienlen adds, scanning the venue: black velvet curtains, vintage vinyl couches overflowing with throw pillows, and geometric cream-colored tables, all atop a red and orange checkered floor and illuminated in a red glow. "This has kind of become like our living room."

A living room that the punk band—Steinkopf on guitar, Kienlen on bass, Mike McDermott on drums, and Greg Attonito behind the mic—have played many times over, effortlessly transforming the bowling lanes into a stage and dance floor. A living room they've stumbled into many times over after spending hours writing albums down the block in manager Kate Hiltz's basement.

The Lanes, the boardwalk, the ocean that continuously crashes against Asbury Park's shores color everything The Bouncing Souls do. This is their scope of reference.

But they recently left home and broadened that scope, to an extent, for their ninth album, *Comet*. They went west.

in 2003 was the last time the band was this centered and in their element.

"Sometimes you're more united, and you can feel it as you're writing," says Steinkopf. "And you can feel that this one is different. It doesn't happen every time, but every now and then, there is this moment in time."

For both Stevenson and the members of The Bouncing Souls, though, there was this overwhelming sentiment of, "How the hell did we not do this sooner?" After all, they had been friends since the Souls toured with the Descendents in 1996. But getting together in the studio wasn't the only first for the band and Stevenson.

Looking to blow off a little steam, they took a break from the marathon recording session, and Kienlen, who regularly tattoos out of Jersey, called up his friend Ryan Willard, a tattoo artist in Denver, and had him stop by the studio with his whole convention setup to convert a little kitchen into a tattoo studio. Kienlen had planned to tattoo Stevenson's wife, but the plan quickly took a turn.

"I made a deal with Bill. It was, 'I'll tattoo your wife for free; all I ask is that in exchange you tattoo Black Flag bars on me,'" Kienlen recalls. "And Bill has never held a tattoo machine. This is the first time the guy has held a fucking tattoo machine. So I prepared everything and kicked my leg up on his lap and handed him the machine. It was like, 'Here, hold it like this. Here's the foot pedal. Okay, just go for it!'"

Right near Kienlen's left shin are four uneven scratch marks, reminiscent of some of his and Steinkopf's early tattoos: pin tattoos of music notes and the words "Oi" and "Punx" done by none other than Kienlen himself, plus a few ink and razor ones that miraculously held for 20 years.

"OUR COLLECTIONS OF TATTOOS ARE OVER 20 YEARS OLD. IT IS LIKE SAWING OFF A TREE AND LOOKING AT THE RINGS." —BRYAN KIENLEN

In January, at the Blasting Room Studios in Fort Collins, CO, the guys hooked up with Bill Stevenson of Black Flag and Descendents—if it weren't for them, there would be no Bouncing Souls—and banged out the 10-track album in a furious and electric 12 days.

"This record is sort of a throwback to the way we used to do things early on in our earliest records, which was really organic," Kienlen explains as he reaches for his beer. "We'd get the whole band together, go into the basement, turn our instruments on, and just see what happens. And that's how this record was written, for the most part. Pete and I kicked it off in the beginning with acoustic sessions, and when the whole band was present it just came together. It was kind of an old-school style for us."

"Yeah," Steinkopf agrees, tipping his beer toward Kienlen. "The whole thing just started by being inspired and stoked. We were like, 'We're going to write 10 good songs, record them, no fluff.' And Bill got that."

"We purposefully gave ourselves a very short amount of time to write and a short chunk of time to record to keep the focus centralized on just that inspiration," Kienlen adds. "Just the ideas and not to overthink things, and not to fuck around in the studio with bells and whistles. Just real old-school and real direct."

Old-school, in this case, means the melodic, rapidly paced, lighthearted yet poignant sing-along anthems The Bouncing Souls have created over the past 20 years. If the band's closest friends had to gauge the inspirational bump on this album, they'd compare it to *Maniacal Laughter*, which was the band's second album in 1996. But for Steinkopf, he'd put it up there with 2001's *How I Spent My Summer Vacation*; while Kienlen agrees, he feels *Anchors Aweigh*

Now, though, their limbs are coated with more professional pieces that hold the same nostalgia. Especially their legs.

"We do this thing where we have our legs," Steinkopf says, hunching forward and pulling at his pant leg. "We tattoo our legs wherever we go. Like, Kienlen and I got these in England." He points to the Rolling Stones logo, the tongue wrapped in a British flag.

Kienlen, pulling up his pant leg, chimes in, "Yeah, Steinkopf and I have a lot of the same tattoos." He rattles off one after the other: Dillinger Four, Seven Seconds, Strike Anywhere, Hot Water Music, and so on and so on, quickly twisting his leg back and forth.

"You have a lot more than I do, though," Steinkopf laughs.

"You can look down the years—our collections of tattoos are over 20 years old," Kienlen says. "It is like sawing off a tree and looking at the rings. There's a time line there for sure. They tell a story."

The Bouncing Souls definitely have quite the story when it comes to punk rock. These guys have never broken up or gone on hiatus, and have only had one member change.

"Yeah, we're like old reliable. We've never really seen any real reason to break up," Kienlen says. "We've always said that if we stop having fun then we'll break up, you know, 'cause life is short and you should be doing what you want to do. When you're inspired, that's the wind in your sails. The Bouncing Souls is like a cool, big, old, wooden ship, and the sails work, the boat's afloat, and inspiration is blowing. That's what keeps us moving."

"That's deep, man. That shit's fucking deep," Steinkopf says, easing back into the couch. "You blew my fucking mind." ■





PRECIOUS METAL

INKED PRESENTS THE SEXIEST SCREAM QUEENS.

BY CRISTINA GUARINO

PHOTO BY MAGDALENA WOSINSKA



POP MUSIC IS SUNG FROM THE DIAPHRAGM, ROCK IS SUNG FROM THE HEART, AND METAL IS SUNG FROM THE BALLS.

It's long been a fusion of deep growls, heavy distortion, and buckets of testosterone. But now there are a few inked-up ladies who can melt faces too. Metal may have been a man's world, but the women on these pages are blowing the boys' long hair back. ⚡ "A lot of people don't believe that I am the main songwriter of Eyes Set to Kill, and it's only because I am a woman," says Alexia Rodriguez. "My sister, Anissa, and I have always had our hearts in metal music. I guess it's just the tough times we went through that made metal and heavy rock seem to speak our same language. The more aggressive and emotional a band was to me, the more I could relate." ⚡ For DJ Ivy D'Muerta, gender used to be a source of insecurity. "During my first show on Sirius XM Liquid Metal I was a nervous wreck," she says. "I knew the listeners would be like, 'Who in the hell is this beach town chick thinking she knows a thing or two about metal?'" But as these women have discovered, the best way to meet those kinds of comments head-on is to crank the amps to 11 and drown them out. ⚡ On these pages, we've rounded up the six hottest, loudest, most talented chicks in the metal scene and put them on center stage.

KRISTEN RANDALL

in the same ranks as some of the best, most technical musicians out there. **ON HER TATTOOS:** I knew as a teenager I would have a lot of artwork on my body because I would always draw all over my arms. I like traditional ink, so when I got the majority of my art I sought out artists that excelled in that style. I've had a range of reactions to my tattoos, but it's really awesome when the elderly come up to you and tell you how beautiful your artwork is, showing sincere appreciation for it. **ON WHAT METAL MEANS:** Is metal a state of mind? An attitude? A fashion statement? How long your hair is? I don't label myself as metal, punk, scene, hipster, etc. ... and I'm not exclusively into one particular genre of music or any particular way to dress. I love metal but it doesn't define me. **ON CONVENTIONAL BEAUTY VS. ALTERNATIVE BEAUTY:** Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. But let's be real—tattooed women are fucking smoking! **PHOTO BY KAREEM BLACK**

STYLING, KELLY BROWN AT ANDERSON HOPKINS; HAIR, BETHANY BRILL; MAKEUP, ROBERT REYES USING MAC; LOCATION, LIT LOUNGE; PATRICIA FIELD BODYSUIT; STEVE MADDEN SHOES; TRASH & VAUDEVILLE BLACK CUFF; BLACK LEATHER BRACELET, BLACK STUDDED BRACELET, AND NECKLACE; LEE ANGEL SILVER BRACELET; CLUB MONACO BAND RING; STYLIST'S OWN SILVER RING







ALEXIA AND ANISSA RODRIGUEZ

GUITAR/VOCALS AND BASS, EYES SET TO KILL FAVORITE SONG TO PLAY: "Darling." **THEIR INFLUENCES:** Thrice, Glassjaw, Uearth, Darkest Hour, Gojira. **ON BEING A GIRL IN METAL (ANISSA):** At times it's really hard to be a female in this genre of music because of how closed-minded some people can be. But we try and look past the bullshit and write and play for ourselves and the fans who appreciate us instead of looking for the approval of others who doubt us. **ON WHAT METAL MEANS (ALEXIA):** I think it's silly to call yourself metal. But if I had to define it, I would say someone who has a strong attitude, is true to themselves, and is overall a badass. I don't know where metal is heading, and the scary fact about that is that I haven't bought a record by a new metal band in forever. I think there are still some good bands coming out, and I'm not bashing anyone. I just wish there were more bands that seemed *real*. **ON SIBLING RIVALRY (ANISSA):** Alexia and I have a very unique and close relationship that a lot of sisters don't have. I think being on tour together and writing together has made us closer than ever. And we have wanted this our whole lives. We are in this together and there is no other person we'd rather share this experience with. **ON THE BAND'S MATCHING ZELDA TATTOOS (ALEXIA):** Ocarina of Time was our favorite game when we were growing up, and one thing we all had in common. A friend we met on tour owned a tattoo shop in Colorado Springs, so we all went in one day and decided to get matching band tattoos—of course it was an easy decision to make on what we would get. Ocarina of Time is still the greatest game ever created! **PHOTO BY MAGDALENA WOSINSKA**

STYLING, CAMILLE JUMELLE AT THE REX AGENCY; HAIR, TANYA RAMIREZ; MAKEUP, MYNXI WHITE; LOCATION, HOUSE OF BLUES HOLLYWOOD; ON ANISSA: J. GERARD CORSET; FORGOTTEN SAINTS SHORTS; ON ALEXIA: J. GERARD CORSET; HER OWN SHORTS

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is posing outdoors. She has extensive tattoos on her right arm, including a large peacock, a rose, and a swan. She is wearing a black studded belt and high-cut black underwear. The background is a stone wall.

HOW SHE INTRODUCES SONGS: As my mood fancies! **CURRENTLY DOMINATING HER HEADPHONES:** Bolt Thrower, Abysmal Dawn, Behemoth, All Shall Perish, Cannibal Corpse. **ON BEING A GIRL IN METAL:** Being a girl in the metal world means the same thing as being a dude in the metal world: We love the music. Or that's what it should mean anyway. I suppose it is odd because it is typically a male-dominated genre, but I'm guilty of that mind frame too. When I find a rare chick friend who digs the same types of metal as I do, I get stoked. **ON HER INK:** I've had tattoos for so many years I forget they are there until a curious stranger comes up and grabs my arm asking if they are real. I used to get really pissed off with questions like that; now I just find them funny. My pieces are a collaboration of every struggle I've endured, every accomplishment I've worked hard for, my awesome childhood, and my family. They are my badges of honor. **ON WHERE METAL IS HEADED:** Metal and all its subgenres are heading in directions where they feel they need to be—the clean-cut screamers, the bearded growlers, the ones who sing, the ones who feel 260 bpm is much too slow, the performers, the classical lovers, the black/death/heavy/nu metalers. We all are so different in our tastes and flavors but we all have one basic drive: metal! **ON ALTERNATIVE BEAUTY VS. CONVENTIONAL BEAUTY:** In my eyes, I see no difference. Just show your confidence. If I see that you love and accept who you are, then hell yeah! I model, so I get to look like all sorts, [both] conventional and alternative ... I think it's fun. But at the end of the day I love just hanging out at home with no makeup on and my hair all wild and unkempt. Beauty is deeper than your skin. **PHOTO BY MAGDALENA WOSTNICK**

skin. PHOTO BY MAGDALENA WOSTINGKA

THIS AND PAGE 62: STYLING, MARISSA PEDEN. HAIR AND MAKEUP, REBECCA FRIEDMAN FOR GOODFORM SALON; BROOKE WORREL GAUNTLET; AMERICAN APPAREL UNDERWEAR; FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD KNEE-HIGHS. JEFFREY CAMPBELL SHOES; VINTAGE BELT: STYST'S OWN BANDANNA.



ALANA POTOCNIK

KEYBOARDIST, WINDS OF PLAGUE FAVORITE SONG TO PLAY: "Drop the Match." HER INFLUENCES: Dimmu Borgir, Cradle of Filth. **ON BEING A GIRL IN METAL:** I honestly love it. It allows me to stomp around like I am equally as tough as all the guys. But the gimmick of a girl in a metal band does have its downfalls. There is always internet bullying about there being no real musicianship or talent and all I can do is look hot behind a keyboard. Maybe if some of these people did their research, they would know I've played two different instruments and sang since I was a child and have been busting my ass in bands since I was 15. **ON BEING WINDS OF PLAGUE'S NEWEST KEYBOARDIST:** It was actually a bit rough at first. I was always compared to their last keyboardist. But I think once people actually got around to seeing me live with the band, I gained fans who saw how well we fit together. I love the guys in my band and they love me too. We get along very well. **ON ROCKING OUT:** I'd say the holiday fest shows are always the most fun. We go 100 percent full-out for those. We've had Christmas trees thrown into the crowd, snow blowers, giant blow-up Santas crowd surfing, people in costumes, a beach-themed beach ball party onstage, and smashed pumpkins exploding with fake blood. It's never a dull moment with us. **ON HER INK:** Everyone loves the zombie characters on my leg; those seem to be the favorites. It's great when people are trying to read the script on my calf or the Italian wrapped around my thigh. Stop staring! Just kidding. **PHOTO BY KAREEM BLACK**

STYLING, KELLY BROWN AT ANDERSON HOPKINS; HAIR, BETHANY BRILL; MAKEUP, ROBERT REYES USING MAC; LOCATION, LIT LOUNGE; PATRICIA FIELD BRA; TRASH & VAUDEVILLE BELT AND SKULL RING; RODRIGO OTAZU AT PATRICIA FIELD HAT; STYLIST'S OWN BODYSUIT AND LEGGINGS; LEE ANGEL RING





MARIA BRINK

VOCALS, IN THIS MOMENT HER FAVORITE SONG TO PLAY: "The Gun Show," but I'm also excited to play the new songs off our new album, *Blood*. **HER INFLUENCES:** Deftones, Slipknot, Volbeat, M83. **ON BEING A GIRL IN METAL:** I've always been used to being the girl in the boys' world. I think you just need not to focus on that stuff. It's so rewarding, doing the things we do and playing the music that we do. I do wear little dresses onstage, so it's funny seeing people's faces when they've never heard us. It just makes me want to work harder. **ON HER TATTOOS:** I'm sure my desire for tattoos came from a similar place as my music. I've always found tattoos to be a beautiful way of being independent and separating yourself from the crowd. I think it's a great way to express yourself and become your own little painting. **ON BECOMING A MUSICIAN:** My mom was definitely a huge influence on me. She was 16 when she had me and was a huge flower child, into bands like Black Sabbath and Rolling Stones. She would take me to shows all the time and I really grew up in the early influences of heavy metal through her. It's also really therapeutic for me to go onstage and let out this side of me that has to be let out one way or another. **ON WHAT METAL MEANS:** Our band has been on a lot of metal tours and has had a lot of influence from that, so it's definitely a part of who we are, but I think I'm a really diverse woman when it comes to music. Metal, to me, is about an attitude—not being afraid to really let it out. **PHOTO BY KAREEM BLACK**

STYLING, KELLY BROWN AT ANDERSON HOPKINS; HAIR, BETHANY BRILL; MAKEUP, ROBERT REYES USING MAC; LOCATION, LIT LOUNGE; PATRICIA FIELD BODYSUIT AND SHIRT, LEE ANGEL; JEWELRY, AGENT PROVOCATEUR; FISHNETS, MARIA'S OWN LINGERIE AND SHOES.

PLUGGED IN Clockwise from top: Eskuche 33i, americanapparel.net; Beats by Dre orange Studio, bestbuy.com; Superdry camouflage USA Technical, superdry.com; O'Neill Stretch Headband, usa.philips.com; Marshall Headphones white Major, marshallheadphones.com; Skullcandy Roc Nation Art Projekt Aviator, skullcandy.com; Friends the Light Premium, wearefriends.com; WeSC yellow Oboe, wesc.com. Center, from left: Incase Pivot, goincase.com; Nixon the Tropper, nixonnow.com.

GET FESTIVE

Do you want to be
another face in the crowd
this summer concert
season, or do you want to
rock out your look?

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL KRAUS



ALL-ACCESS STYLE

Clockwise from top: Stussy Trucker cap, stussy.com; Burton Beercuda beer cooler, burton.com; Buckler jeans, [andrew buckler.com](http://andrewbuckler.com); Converse Chuck Taylor All Star Premium Blue, converse.com; Mark McNairy New Amsterdam; Smiley bandanna, available at Opening Ceremony, 212-226-1885; G-Shock GDF100-4 watch, gshock.com; Timo Weiland Nickolai denim vest, available at Dagny and Barstow, 212-675-2346; 55DSL Tates T-shirt, available at Diesel, 212-755-3555; Ray-Ban RB3025 Aviator sunglasses, sunglasshut.com.



DUFF MCKAGAN

He's played in GNR, Velvet Revolver, Loaded, and Jane's Addiction, but more impressive is that this hard rocker is a *New York Times* best-selling author with *It's So Easy (and Other Lies)*.

BY TIM MOHR PHOTOS BY MAGDALENA WOSINSKA

In 1984, Duff McKagan, just a punk kid from Seattle, drove his old Ford to L.A. to try to escape the drug-infested Northwest scene where he had been playing drums, guitar, and a little bass in bands like the Fastbacks and Ten Minute Warning. A week later, still living in his car, he answered an ad for a bass player placed by a guy called Slash. The rest is history—Guns N' Roses went on to create one of the best-selling debut albums ever. McKagan, who ended up in the hospital in 1994 thanks to acute alcohol-induced pancreatitis and a decade of extreme booze and drug use, sobered up and went on to college before later forming Velvet Revolver, also with Slash, and becoming a columnist for *Seattle Weekly* and ESPN. McKagan's amazing story is chronicled in his best-selling autobiography, *It's So Easy (and Other Lies)*, now out in paperback.

INKED: How did you find out you'd made it into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame?

DUFF MCKAGAN: It wasn't like a velvet-covered envelope was delivered to the house by a guy in white gloves and a tuxedo. None of that. I found out about the Hall of Fame from someone who called me after he saw it on the internet. I don't even know what the selection process is based on. It's not a competitive sport. It's not like you are a baseball player with a lifetime batting average over .300. It's about tiny moments of artistic elation, and people slowly coming to see your band more and more, that shared experience. But I did know that I would go to the ceremony, because I was there when the Van Halen thing happened—only two guys showed up and the fans were bummed out. I appreciate how long and how hard-core the fans have backed us, so the least I could do is go to the induction.

How did hearing about the Hall of Fame compare with learning you'd hit number one with *Appetite for Destruction*?

That wasn't a grand moment either. We were out on tour, working. We were living on a bus with our crew, making a hundred bucks a week, and couldn't have been happier. There was no internet or cell phones—at least nobody we knew had one, not even our tour manager. We found out because the record label sent one of their local reps to come to our bus with a sheet cake. And it said, "You're Number One." And we were like, Uh, wow, okay, we got a sheet cake, that's cool. But we didn't know what it really meant. It's the same with the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame—I don't really know what it means.

You're a self-proclaimed book nerd, so how did those moments compare to finding out your book was a *New York Times* best seller? Now

that's because I *am* better than most people out there as a writer, and my stats were indeed better—only 16 other books that particular week were better. And I didn't even get a fucking sheet cake.

In your book you talk about getting your first tattoo after Guns N' Roses got signed to a record deal. What made you want to mark the occasion that way? Nowadays everybody's got tattoos and everybody's got sleeves, but in 1986, when we were signed, I only knew a couple of people who had tattoos—and they had, like, one each. Axl had one. Izzy had one. And it was like, "Fuck, those are great!" But a tattoo cost something like 300 bucks—way too expensive for me. Back then it was either I paid rent or I got a tattoo. I couldn't do both. So when I got that money from the record deal, I just knew I was going to get a tattoo.

Your first ink was—naturally—two guns and a rose. How soon did you get your next tattoo? A week later—but I don't remember getting it. The thing is, we felt flush after signing that deal. I suddenly had 7,500 bucks in my boot. I paid three months rent in advance and bought some new cowboy boots and a pair of pants, and with the rest I was able to buy drinks for all my friends. One morning I ended up waking up on someone's apartment floor with a pain in my right arm. And I had my second tattoo—a dagger. Once I had two I was kind of balanced. When you have one on one side you are kind of imbalanced. So you gotta have two. But then I felt as if the one on the left side wasn't







"IT WAS EITHER I PAID RENT OR I GOT A TATTOO. I COULDN'T DO BOTH."

quite big enough. So I got a third tattoo. That was my "Carpe Diem" tattoo that kind of went underneath my first tattoo. And that kind of unbalanced me again, so then I got a dragon on my right arm that went around the dagger and down. And once I got that dragon tattoo, I needed something on my back. So I got a Japanese flower by this guy who was famous for his chrysanthemums and lotuses. Then I stopped for a while.

When did you get back into it? After I got sober and I'd taken up a martial arts discipline called Uki-dokan, I got the Uki-dokan symbol on my back. I was going to get it on my lower back, but I thought it might look too much like a tramp stamp, so I got it in the middle of my back. That hurt like a fucking bitch. That was by Mark Malone. It was a single-needle tattoo, and they just hurt like a bitch. They're great because the detail stays in, but man, on your back, across your ribs, it hurts. It was a long sitting, too—six hours.

One of the things you discuss in your book is the difference between good pain and bad pain. How do you distinguish? When I was a kid, 9, 10, 11, I went through some stuff at home that was confusing. And during that time I was playing pee-wee football. When somebody on our team would fuck up, there was a steep hill next to our practice field, and we'd have to do wind sprints up the hill. I became enamored of that pain. It took me out of my situation. Even at that young age I could see the value of the pain of physical conditioning. Ten years later I couldn't have been farther from that sort of condition, and I started to run into other sorts of pain. But I found I wasn't so uncomfortable with it. I went through panic disorder—another form of pain, fear—and medicated that. My addictions

took over. I drank a lot and did a lot of drugs and I started to get a lot of physical pain in my kidneys, my skin falling off my hands, my feet cracking, my nose bleeding, and my septum burning through, all of these things. Then it finally came crashing down when my pancreas burst. That pain was brutal—more than I could ever explain. When I got out of the hospital, I think I tried to go back to that physical conditioning pain. I knew that was a good pain.

Is tattoo pain good or bad? Tattoo pain is good pain. For a lot of people that's kind of their thrill. Going in for a long sitting, coming in to get a gnarly back piece that no one will ever see. People get addicted to that pain. I never got addicted to the pain, but I appreciate it, because every piece—especially since I got sober—is something I've thought about. Especially in martial arts, which for me has run parallel to my sobriety, I respect the pain. It's not something that will overcome me, and I kind of just ride it. When I got the Uki-dokan mark it was perfect that I went to Mark Mahoney and he used a single needle—it was almost as if he knew.

You have your solo band, Loaded, and there's Velvet Revolver; you've played stints in Alice in Chains and Jane's Addiction; you always have side projects. When you write, how do you know what songs are for which project? When VR is active, I seem to write more riffs for that. I can't articulate why riffs are different for different things, but for VR I don't have to worry about singing to the riff. There's a big difference between writing with a melody in your head versus writing with actual lyrics and articulating those lyrics as you're playing the riff. For Loaded, I sometimes have to simplify what I play on guitar if I can't play the riff and sing at the same time. And that's why I don't

play bass in Loaded. There are a couple guys who can do it great, like Sting and Geddy Lee—they can sing and play all those bass parts—but it's not natural for me. I end up thinking too much and I don't like to do that at all. I like to just play and be part of that live experience, and not think about what I'm doing.

You had to spend a lot of time thinking about your life for the book. Did you learn anything about yourself? Well, with the highs in your life, you want to remember that you had a lot to do with those. And with the lows, you want to remember you had very little to do with the lows. And the truth is—and this came out through the writing—maybe it's a bit more evened out. Maybe you had something to do with the bad shit. In hindsight, I see things I could have done differently. And the good shit? Hey, maybe I didn't write every fucking note, and maybe I wasn't the leader I thought I was, but that is still okay. It shouldn't be a bummer. It strengthens you. You feel a bit more at ease because you got it out. I felt about 300 pounds lighter after all those thoughts were out of me. In my case, just standing up and saying, "This is the truth" strengthened me and made me a bit more confident.

Did the soul-searching of *It's So Easy* help smooth over the messy breakups of your past? For some guys who went through so much shit publicly and happen to live under the weight of that, you just have to be cool with yourself to be cool with the situation. At the end of the day, I'm cool with myself. I wrote about my part in Guns and VR, of course, and talk about circumstances involving the bands—because those are the circumstances that formed me. But nobody has had a reason to bring up the book. With Axl, the first time we ran into each other again, in 2010, while I was still writing, it was such a surprise that nobody had a chance to think about it. The truth of the matter is that I'm glad we've seen each other a few times over the last few years—it's about time. That original band has in a lot of ways retarded the five original guys so much—we are retarded in our ability to communicate. Sometimes I have to laugh, "Come on!" But it's also sad some guys can't kind of have a victory dinner. We never had that victory dinner to say, Look at the shit we did. We never did it back then, and not since.

Any plans for more tattoos? My daughters want me to get our dogs eating Chinese food with chopsticks. "Come on, Dad, do it!" So that may be next. Though I've kind of gotten away from the silly tattoos. For a while in Seattle, it seemed like everyone was getting things like a monkey riding a dog with a saddle. Mike Squires, the lead guitarist in Loaded, has a bull as a matador. You know, through all my drinking I managed to avoid getting a Mickey Mouse, a Tweety Bird, or the Superman emblem—or any of that Dungeons and Dragons fantasy-type stuff. So I'm not sure I want to go there now. Though getting a Viking holding a growling wolf on a chain ... that would be pretty good. 🐉

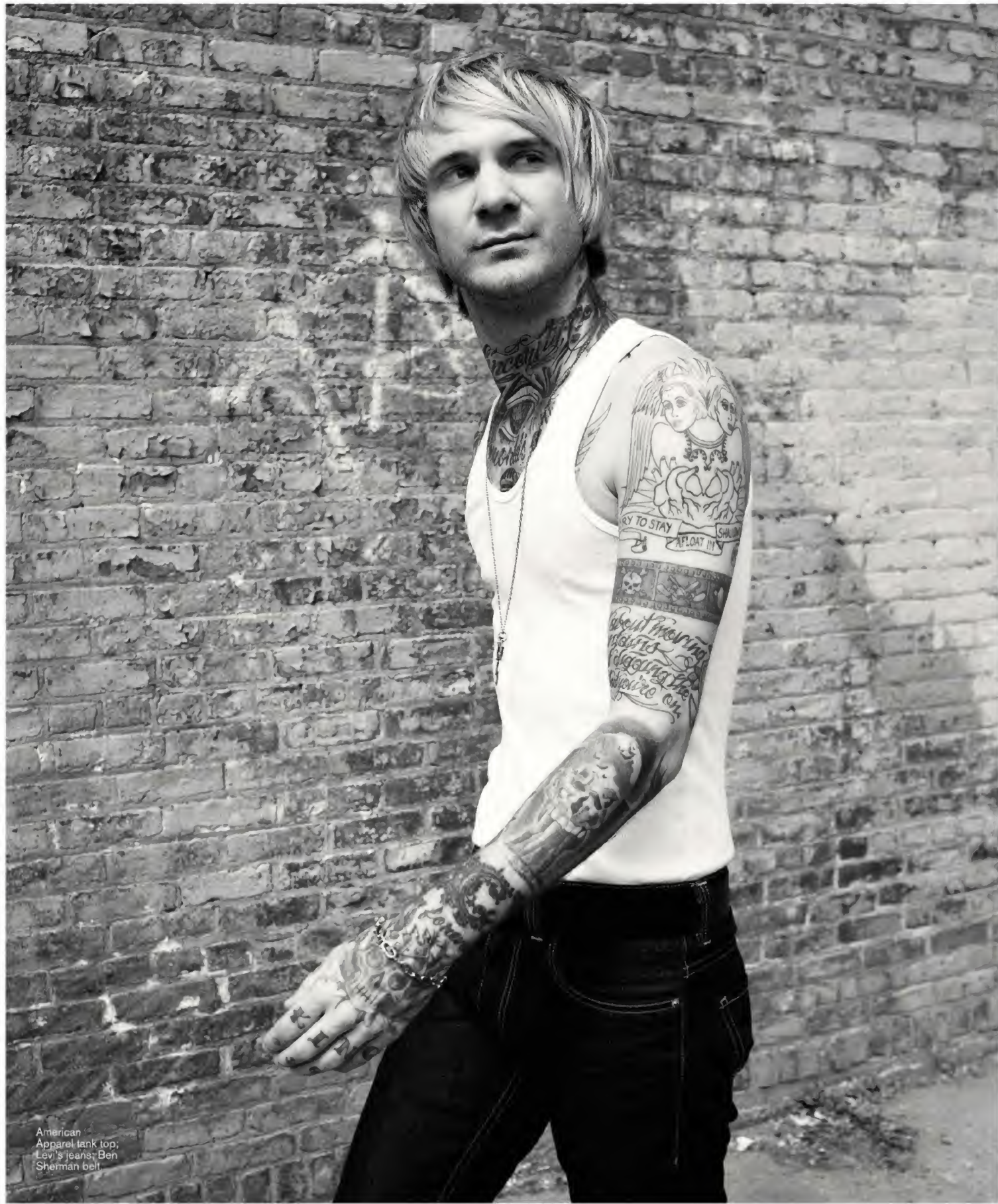
2 TONE

Craig Owens, the frontman of Chiodos, D.R.U.G.S. (Destroy Rebuild Until God Shows), and actor in the film *K-11*, took time out from his solo tour to try on the London rude boy look for INKED.

PHOTOS BY SHANE MCCAULEY STYLED BY ROSE GARCIA PAGE 78



American
Apparel T-shirt
and suspenders;
Ksubi jeans; Ben
Sherman belt; Dr.
Martens boots;
Beneath the
Roses jewelry
(throughout).



American
Apparel tank top;
Levi's jeans; Ben
Sherman belt



Mango cardigan;
Ksubi jeans; Ben
Sherman belt;
American Apparel
socks; Dr. Mar-
tens shoes

"I RULE MY WORLD, HENCE MY KING KNUCKLE TATTOO. NO ONE CONTROLS ME."

FROM THE DESK OF CRAIG OWENS...

These days I see so many jaded musicians living amongst the world of rockers, and it truly bums me out. It's not that I have never seen these people before—I grew up in the music scene of Flint, MI, where "jaded" is considered borderline positive—but I personally vow to never become one of them. And you shouldn't either.

I consider myself to be living a dream life. Back in my junior year of high school I had a friend named Chris who was an upperclassman. We would ride around the back roads of Davison, MI, in his maroon beater rocking The Ataris' "San Dimas High School Football Rules," among many other songs, screaming along to every word in the car. That song changed who I was just like the tattoos on my skin. Eight years later I got invited to sing that very song with The Ataris at Warped tour '09.

After driving around and listening to the music that made us who we were at the time (individuals among a crowd of kids begging to fit in), we would hang at his place and watch Kevin Smith movies, the entire collection—*Clerks* to *Mallrats* and so on. Then, 10 years later I get asked to be in *K-11*, a movie with none other than Jay himself, Jason Mewes (who, by the way, is a super kind individual). For the role they asked me not to cover up any of my tattoos—they wanted [what they] lent to my character and they wanted everyone to see them.

The point of these stories is not to brag, but to inspire. I see far too many jaded individuals, who I believe are much too young to be feeling this way. It's not the new "cool." Please don't think that being an asshole, or judging anyone else's taste in music, or the music that they create, will get you anywhere in this world. You just look like that creepy boy or girl at the show in the corner with his or her arms crossed, pouting.

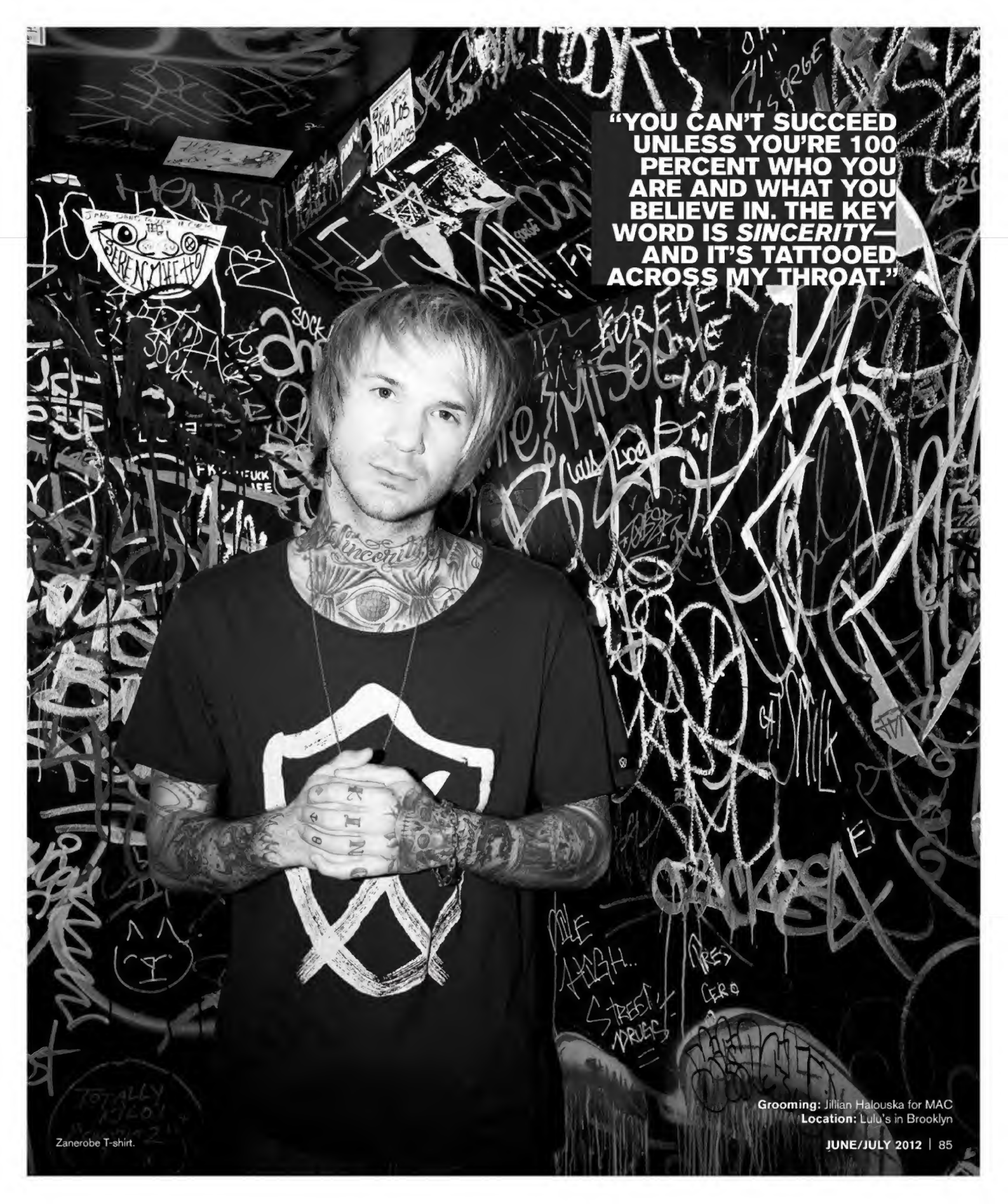
I'm just trying to share with you that I am living proof that a random, small-town kid from Davison, MI, with half the talent necessary to "make it," can make his dreams come true simply by working hard, persevering, and, most of all, not taking a single moment of it for granted. You don't have to be the best at what you do; you just have to want it the most. —Craig Owens







Topshop suit
jacket; J & Com-
pany shirt; Ben
Sherman tie;
Ksubi jeans; Ben
Sherman belt;
Converse by
John Varvatos
sneakers.



**"YOU CAN'T SUCCEED
UNLESS YOU'RE 100
PERCENT WHO YOU
ARE AND WHAT YOU
BELIEVE IN. THE KEY
WORD IS *SINCERITY*—
AND IT'S TATTOOED
ACROSS MY THROAT."**

Zanerobe T-shirt.

Grooming: Jillian Halouska for MAC
Location: Lulu's in Brooklyn

JUNE/JULY 2012 | 85



J E S U S F R E A K S

MADE PARIAHS BY COOKIE-CUTTER
CHRISTIANS, THE BLACK SHEEP—BOUND BY
INK AND FAITH—FLOCK TO PASTOR CLEETUS
ADRIAN'S DELIVERANCE BIBLE CHURCH.

BY LANI BUESS
PHOTOS BY MICHAEL RUBENSTEIN

PAGE 86







he doors open at 2 p.m. Though rows of chairs are set before the raised stage, once the feverish thrashing of the drums and the heavy guitar riffs sound, the crowd is lifted to its feet. Moved by the music, the reactions range from letting out loud, exulted screams or hushed, whimpering cries with flowing streams of tears to jumping in place or circling the room like children with excessive energy to burn. Some

raise their outstretched arms to the ceiling, as if reaching toward the heavens in search of recognition from a higher power. Then there are those who silently rock back and forth with shut eyes and a serene smile brimming underneath the surface. The event is intense. It's freeing. It's attended by "people doing things because they feel inspired to, not because they want to put on a show," says Abel Cedillo, after his set playing bass for the crowd concludes.

Like the audience at any punk performance, the mostly young crowd of 20-somethings has mohawks, piercings, and too many tattoos to count. But this isn't a punk show; it's a typical Sunday afternoon service at Deliverance Bible Church (DBC) in Hurst, TX. The man behind the mic isn't some rock star, but Pastor Cleetus Adrian singing songs of worship as he stands before a once wayward flock of inked individuals searching for salvation. They are at the DBC, where they hope to find it, for the banner on the wall behind the drum kit says so. It reads: *Jesus*.

"It's not the kind of church where you're going to sit in a pew and be comfortable," says churchgoer Renee Masingale. "You give all that you have to the Lord here. You go for it. It's all or nothing."

"There may be a full-on circle pit," says Cedillo, who is in DBC's praise band. "But it's always anointed by God."

"We all really encourage people to worship God loudly," says Adrian. "People are very connected to what's happening. It's not a passive church. I preach a very strong, solid gospel every week. I don't mess around with it!"

Though he spews scripture as effortlessly as a rapper spits rhymes, Adrian didn't always give a damn about the Christian religion. Growing up with a pastor father and an evangelist mother, he vehemently hated the black-and-whiteness of it all, the notions of sin or righteousness, heaven or hell, and right or wrong. He just wanted to listen to and play punk music. A thief, a liar, and a fornicator, Adrian says he lived a wicked life. But all that changed in 1995, when his friend's death in a car crash made him seriously reconsider his life's choices.

"It made me really start thinking ... of what really happens when you die," he says. "If I could have gotten rid of anything it would have been hell. I didn't want to believe in it, but the truth kept coming back to me. Hell is a place where you're separated from God, where we have to pay for our sins for all eternity. It's not a place you want to go."

Fearing he was on an ill-fated path to a fiery inferno, Adrian turned to God. Well, sort of. He first gave God one stipulation. "I was passing this church and told the Lord, 'I'd do anything but be a pastor,'" he says. But then in 1999, after attending a Christian punk show, he observed the crowd and received the scripture message, "They're sheep without a shepherd." God, apparently not to be bargained with, told him to start his own church the following Sunday, he says. So he did. While some may mock a man who says he hears the voice of God, Adrian isn't easily insulted. He doesn't care what people might think. "If you have issue with it, it's your issue, not mine, because I know I'm being faithful to God," he says.

To be faithful to the Father, Adrian now serves the lost, those he considers the social outcasts, "the tattooed community, or, I don't know, the punk rock kids, the hardcore kids," he says. "I'll be honest, our church is becoming more multicultural, to where I'm looking for sinners that need to be saved ... it's the people who are down ... the worst of the worst. I always tell people to bring me the people no one else wants."

The tattooed Christian subculture tends to make up a large portion of his



Pastor
Cleetus
Adrian and
his flock.

congregation, a religious trend he's seen flourishing over the last 15 years. "I think it goes back to what Jesus taught us, to go all over the world and preach the gospel," he says. "And all the world starts looking at more than just nations; it starts looking at culture itself and so you start to realize there is this old church culture that reached a lot of great people, but then you go a little below that and start finding all these different groups."

With a shaved head, stretched ears, and countless tattoos, Adrian—as well as the rest of the pastors at DBC—fit the same mold; they look more punk than pious. "It's part of our culture here," he says of tattoos. "Everything we tattoo ourselves with is concerning scripture, is concerning our witness. It's not like we are going around just putting random things on our bodies." While he knows he can't tell others what to get etched on their skin, he has talked people out of getting demonic imagery at tattoo shops.

Satanic-themed tattoos or not, some Christians will argue that it's a sin to tattoo oneself at all, referencing words from Leviticus 19:28: "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you." Like a gunslinger quick on the draw, Adrian fires out scripture to silence naysayers. "Then you go over to Isaiah 44:5 and it talks about how one group of people writes the name of the Lord on their hands and that Hebrew [translation] actually means to cut with ink," he says. "Some people get stuck on one scripture or another, but you have to read the whole book."

With such theological mudslinging on the topic of tattoos, the mere presence of them in the Christian community can sometimes cause a stir. "My family all goes to church, but it's nothing like the church I go to; they're not tattooed," Masingale says. "When I'm at their church I feel like an outcast."

For Cedillo, tattoos "are a blessing in disguise. They open the doors to talk about the Lord and to share the message that saved us."

Upon being saved at age 20, Adrian got his first tattoo; it's on his lower back and reads "Bethel," which means "house of God." His favorite, on his left arm, is a depiction of the foot of Jesus stomping on a snake. Needless to say, a tat-

toed pastor can draw considerable attention. "When we came to Hurst everyone thought we were a cult or some satanic group," says the mild-mannered and approachable pastor. "After almost 13 years, and seeing a global impact of what we're doing, they're starting to change their tune because they're realizing we may look like this, but we're still preaching the same gospel."

"Being conservative is not just a way we dress—a lot of times people forget there [are] conservative viewpoints, and our viewpoints are probably more conservative than most people think because they're scriptural," says Nichole Adrian, a pastor at DBC who has 10 tattoos and is the wife of Pastor Cleetus. "So we actually have so much more in common with everyone else that's Christian than they realize."

Though her parents were born again when she was 3, Pastor Nichole didn't fully embrace the Christian religion until 1995, within a month of her husband's spiritual transformation. Prior to that year, she says she was just going through the motions of going to church. Serving as a YMCA director one summer prompted her metamorphosis. On one camp trip, an eighth-grade girl was incessantly crying, repenting, and saying the Lord was speaking to her. Pastor Nichole said the child was born again that instant. While sitting with the girl saying the Prayer of Salvation, Nichole felt like a fraud, since she was still living a life of sin. She ended up surrendering herself to God that same day.

"Religion had done nothing for me. Going to church didn't change anything in me because I was a fornicator, I was an alcoholic, I was a liar, I was a thief, I was hateful to people, I was completely selfish," she says. "It wasn't until the Lord radically changed my heart ... that I became a completely different person."

Masingale has a similar story of contrition. She gave up raves and getting high after hearing a preacher speak at a motorcycle rally in 1995—but she didn't give up getting inked. Now 36, she's working on getting sleeves and is learning how to tattoo, which she says is her calling from the man upstairs. Though she has an ocean scene sketched on her arm, she now makes sure all her tattoos are spiritual in nature. "On my hand it says 'the Lord's' because

I belong to him," she says. A regular since 2008, it took a while for her to feel truly comfortable at the unconventional church, but it's now her haven. "I was really shy back then," she says. "The people were jumping around and worshipping and, like, praising the Lord and stuff, and I wasn't used to that." But DBC has helped strip her of her former self. "I can't listen to the music I used to listen to, and it's not because I don't want to be bad or I think it's wrong. I just cannot listen to the music anymore, or certain R-rated movies with profanity," she says. "If it's not honoring the Lord, I don't want to have anything to do with it. The more I read the word, the more I pray, that is my focus; the things of this world just fall away. I don't have desire for them."

Cedillo gave up his worldly love of punk music. He was in a Christian punk band for eight years with his brother when he decided it was time to disband. "If I never pick up another instrument again, if it's for the glory of God, so be it," he says. But when Pastor Cleetus asked him to join his praise band, Cedillo was convinced God was encouraging him to use his talents for a higher purpose. Raised in a staunch Catholic Mexican-American family, Cedillo says he grew up with the knowledge of God but lacked an intimate connection with his creator. It wasn't until the age of 13 or 14 that he "felt the presence of God" upon touching a garment wrapped with bread and wine, the offerings that pose as the body and blood of Christ during communion. "After feeling what I felt and knowing there was more to God, and just having faith and actual knowledge, there was an actual relationship. It was hard to go back to my traditional Catholic church," he says. "It was very dead to me."

In 2002, Cedillo heard about DBC through the Christian punk rock scene and attended sporadically, since he wasn't yet fully committed to Christianity. "I idolized music and my relationship with my girlfriend before God," he says of that time. Living together for a year with his girlfriend, an act he considers to be sinful, he didn't attend church regularly until after his relationship ended. "Jesus said you shouldn't have any idols before me," he says. After the breakup, "Jesus asked me, 'What are you going to do now?'" he says. He became born again and began attending DBC regularly. Incidentally, his ex-girlfriend became born again as well. The couple have since reunited and been married for the past two years.

In addition to the Hurst location, DBC has branches in Dallas and Fort Worth, TX. There are also six other locations throughout the world, in Spokane, WA, Seattle, Detroit, Hollywood, Brazil, and Colombia. "We believe in church planting," says Pastor Cleetus. "My desire is to have 1,000 churches globally."

DBC also has a global mission organization called MK1615, where missionaries are sent out anywhere from one week to a year to preach in the streets in various international cities. Though there are locals who oppose the preaching and consciously avert their eyes from the DBC crew, some do stop to hear what the missionaries have to say.

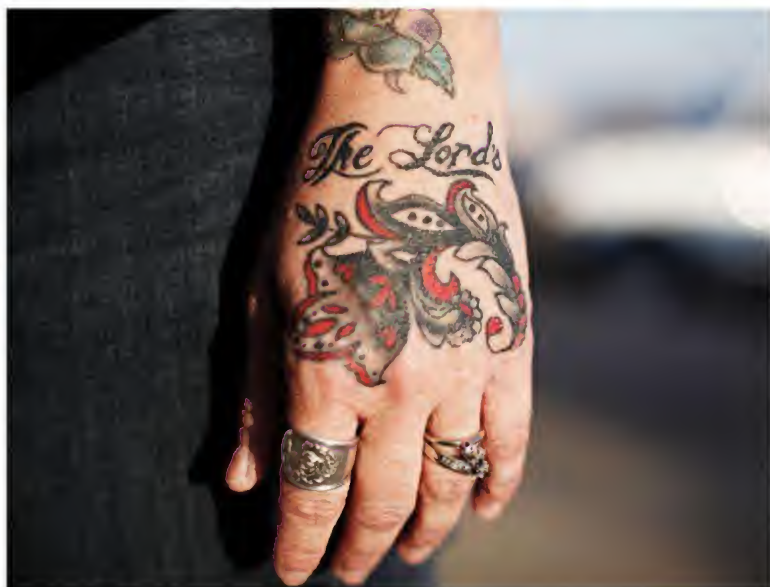
"In Lisbon, we did run into a guy who was selling drugs on the streets," says Cedillo. "Our pastor struck up a conversation with him. Apparently he used to be a Christian, and [after that conversation] he was just broken by the love of God."

"It's absolutely making a difference," says Masingale about DBC's global mission. "Whether the people respond at the moment, it doesn't matter, because we're planting the seeds."

For DBC, the seeds of Christianity are considered to be the sole truth and route to salvation, though they are tolerant of other religions. "I'll offer them grace," says Pastor Cleetus of those who follow other religions. "However, sin is the only thing that separates us from God. It's our only problem, and Christ sacrificing on the cross is the only solution."

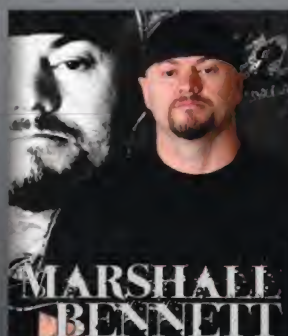
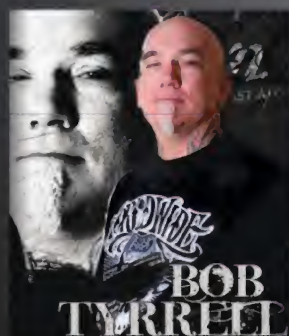
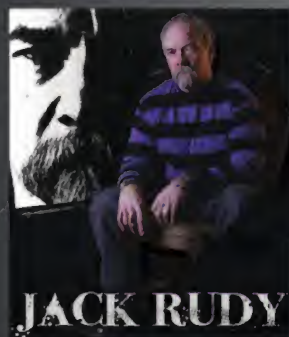
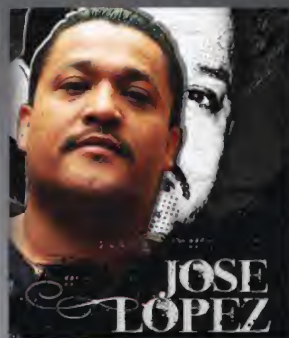
With such unwavering doctrines, Christianity can come off like a ruler with an iron fist, but Cedillo wants to dispel those stereotypical perceptions of Christianity. "I think God and Jesus have gotten a bad name over the years because there's been a lot of corruption and division in the church," he says. "So many people will be like, 'Religion is the most repressing thing in the world, it's false, it's crazy.' To an extent I have to agree with them, because I don't consider myself to be a religious person. I consider myself to be the son of God, I consider myself to be a follower of Christ ... I want people to see us as the way we are—we're humans, we're not perfect. But what we've been called to do as born again Christians is to preach the gospel. It's not to force it down your throat; it's to present a message that's ultimately saved us." ■





ARE YOU AFTERCARELESS? THEY AREN'T!

Aftercareless: /'after-ke(ə)erlis/ (adj.) **1.** neglecting or taking insufficient care of your skin after getting a new tattoo, piercing or body modification. **2.** not having high quality aftercare available for your clients in your tattoo or piercing studio. **3.** sending a customer to another location to purchase aftercare. **4.** listening to friends' aftercare regiments over the professional that completed the artwork on you. **5.** recommending or putting products on your new body art that are not designed specifically for them.



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"I'M NOT REALLY BIG ON
BUILDING BIG EGO MONUMENTS
TO MYSELF ABOUT HOW COOL I
AM." —KEITH UNDERWOOD





KEITH UNDERWOOD

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BY CHARLIE CONNELL
PORTRAIT BY SARAH LIM

For centuries people have said that idle hands are the devil's workshop, meaning that when people are left with nothing to do they turn to vice. When the phrase was coined in medieval England, no one imagined that tattooing could be the virtue in such a situation, but that is the case in the life of Keith Underwood. After the passing of his friend and mentor Mike "Rollo Banks" Malone, Underwood fell into a deep addiction and has come out of it realizing that he needs to stay busy to escape those demons. "The worst thing to happen to me was to have my friend die, get a bunch of money I didn't earn, and develop a drug problem with no job and nothing to do," Underwood explains. "The best thing is for me to stay busy."

Luckily, staying busy is rarely a problem for him. Whether he's running two tattoo shops 1,200 miles apart (in Chicago and Austin), designing tattoo machines, navigating legal loopholes, running a record label, or hitting the road to tattoo for the Vans Warped Tour, Underwood has kept himself damn busy over the years.

INKED: What made you become a tattoo artist?

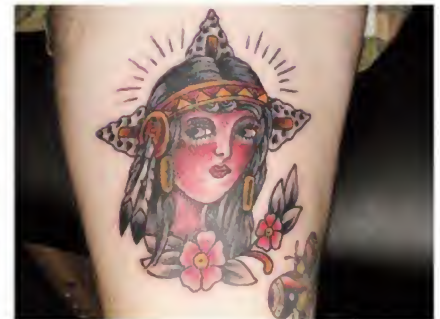
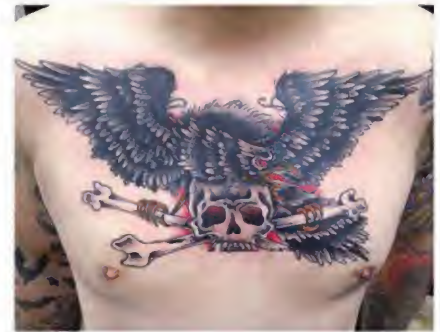
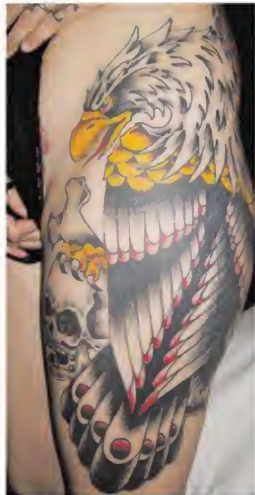
KEITH UNDERWOOD: Dropping out of high school would be the main thing. I started getting tattooed really young, probably too young, 15. I didn't have a whole lot else to do so I started hanging out at shops and one thing led to another. Eventually I was told, "If you're going to be here you may as well clean up."

So you worked your way up from there? This was around 1994 and body piercing had just started coming around to tattoo shops; people

were calling the shop asking about piercings all day long. I'm not really sure why they connected tattoos and body piercing, but they did. They asked me if I wanted to give that a try, so I did. I didn't have any training but I started piercing people when I was still a teenager. That led to a tattoo apprenticeship. The piercing allowed me to be in the shop and to make money, so it was a good thing.

Did you see yourself becoming an artist before tattooing? I liked art but I wasn't much of

"I REALLY THINK THAT BEING A COCKSURE TEENAGER MADE IT SO THE IDEA OF FAILING NEVER GOT IN MY HEAD. I KNEW THAT THIS [TATTOOING] WAS FOR ME."



a student in any way, shape, or form. I didn't take a bunch of art classes or anything. Most of what I know about art is directly from tattooing. The only mediums I really work in are tattoos and watercolor painting for flash. I've never done any oil painting in my life. It's always been tattoo-oriented.

Was it the tattooing that got you interested as opposed to using tattooing as a medium for something you were already into? I have always had a good relationship with the older generation of tattooers. From what they've told me, the reason they like me is that I remind them more of the traditional way of getting into tattooing. I was just a criminal kid, a hustler. As opposed to coming from the background of being a fine artist with a degree—that's not where I come from. There's no real prima donna about me and my artistic skill. It's like what Cliff Raven once said: "I'm a craftsman trying to be an artist." I believe that tattooing is for the masses. It's for the guy that wants to get his sweetheart's name on him, pick it out off the wall, and get out the door. I'm not really big on building big ego monuments to myself and how cool I am. I don't push my ego onto my customers.

When starting, was it difficult to wrap your head around the idea that you were working in a medium that was permanent on someone's body? I think that I was young enough I didn't think about it. I was tattooing professionally by the time I was 19. I got the weight of what I was doing but I was trained really well. My initial apprenticeship was with Denise Wolf in Libertyville, IL, right out-

side the naval base. She gave me a very traditional apprenticeship. I didn't tattoo for a year and a half. I watched every tattoo and made all my mistakes on paper before a stencil was ever made. I'm not saying I haven't messed things up. Of course I've screwed up, misspelled things, and done all kinds of crazy shit—I'm human. I really think that being a cocksure teenager made it so the idea of failing never got in my head. I knew that this was for me.

It seems that becoming a tattoo artist was a natural fit, then. People always ask, "What would you be if you weren't a tattooer?" Well, what I did before tattooing was stealing cars and selling drugs. It's always been about the hustle, that's why I like the street shop thing. Later in my career I made a tattoo machine. I have a U.S. patent in tattooing. I own part of a coloring company. I wanted to do it all and know it all. When I went to work for Mike "Rollo Banks" Malone—which I consider my second apprenticeship—he made me look at the tattoo world as more than just doing tattoos. Making flash, selling flash, making machines, mixing ink, and selling it all really related to what I learned as a kid. Taking a product at one price, changing it, and reselling it at 400 times the price—it worked well for me.

Were you able to recognize what your strengths and weaknesses were for the whole business of tattooing, not just the art? I think where I have excelled is that I know exactly how good I am not at tattooing. Where I have excelled is in machine making and the other aspects of tattooing. And I found a niche style of tattooing that worked really well for

me, really traditional American tattooing. Emulating what I consider to be the masters of tattooing, those artists from the early 1930s and 1940s.

You mentioned that you have a patent on a tattoo machine. How exactly did that come about? The patent is in improvements to tattoo technology; it's a pretty broad term. It mostly deals with wireless technology. I built a prototype with a power source and power regulator all within the machine. I worked with a radio control for the foot switch so that there were absolutely no wires. I had never seen anything like that before. I went to Radio Shack and bought a bunch of components and just started fucking around.

Was it difficult to obtain the patent? There's a reason that people don't get patented. It took three years of my life and a huge amount of lawyer fees and I really haven't made anything off of it yet. I worked with Lucky Supply and we tried to develop a working model. We didn't want to put out something too early and have it be flawed. We worked for a while and were really limited by battery technology; it wound up being too big and too bulky. You can get a patent for anything whether it is practical or not at the time, so that's what I did. The whole time it was so scary because you spend all this money on the application process with no guarantee that you will even get the patent. Then the patent examiner's whole fucking job is to figure out why your patent is not patentable, so it's a very stressful ordeal. I was thrilled to physically have a patent in tattooing because there aren't many.

Some of my heroes in tattooing, Percy Waters and Samuel O'Reilly, are patent holders from way back, the first in 1891. I love to be a part of that lineage.

Plus, owning a patent is a cool thing to brag about. *[Laughs.]* The ego boost! In fact, my parents, who have never been that proud of my tattooing, will tell people that I'm an inventor before they'll tell them I'm a tattoo artist. It makes things easier on them.

And hopefully when the technology is there you'll be able to do something with that patent—you're just a little ahead of the game right now. A big part of the luck and circumstance of my career comes from being just a little bit ahead of the curve. I got in with Mike Malone, who is the guy who bought Sailor Jerry's shop when he died, so I have this patriarchal lineage of Sailor Jerry, Mike Malone, and then myself. There's an honor just being involved in that. I try to honor the shit that came before me. Honor the people, the style, and the way of doing things. All those guys were street shop guys doing 10, 12 tattoos a day. Working hard and busting their asses doing little tattoos for the masses. It's that work ethic that was part of what led my friend and business partner Oliver Peck and I to go on Warped Tour.

What was it like to be touring around the country with Warped Tour as opposed to working in a regular shop? Oliver had the hookup with Vans from designing shoes for them. At the time we were both pretty heartbroken; he had divorced from Kat [Von D] that year and Mike Malone had committed suicide around the same time. I was ready for anything. I was heartbroken. I had found Mike a few days after he had shot himself and I was really fucked up over it and it led to a pretty serious pill addiction. Oliver had the idea to go on the road and tattoo—it sounded perfect to me. We got in an RV and hit the road. It was absolutely the best thing for me. It was as close as you can come nowadays to being a carnival tattooer, like it was in the 1920s. We would tattoo all day, go to sleep, and wake up in another parking lot and do it all over again. It was going back to the roots of tattooing in America for me. I absolutely loved it.

You mentioned that the death of Mike Malone led to some addiction problems. I suffered from a broken heart and drug addiction for a couple of years, and it really fucked up things good. I was a sober guy for 13 years, from about 17 to 30. Then when Rollo died I just lost my mind. The last year or so I've been clean again and getting back into what I do well. It was a really hard thing to go through.

Not to say that addiction is ever a good thing, but there are certainly situations where you don't begrudge someone for developing a problem. Absolutely. I lost a lot of friends during that time because of some poor business decisions, and it was never an intentional slight of someone.

"MY PARENTS, WHO HAVE NEVER BEEN THAT PROUD OF MY TATTOOING, WILL TELL PEOPLE THAT I'M AN INVENTOR BEFORE THEY'LL TELL THEM I'M A TATTOO ARTIST."

I didn't get things sent out on time or at all. When you are in that condition you don't even remember what is going on. The last year I have spent a lot of time making up for the three years prior. Getting machines out that I have owed somebody forever and paying back debts and doing all the things it takes to get back square with people. Lucky for me, the tattoo world is perfect for forgiveness of drug addiction. If the tattoo world can't forgive a drug addict, I don't know which world can.

When you opened your shop in Chicago, Taylor Street Tattoo, you went through a lot of hassles with the city, right? Surprisingly, it wasn't the city giving me problems; it was St. Ignatius [Church] and the University Village Association. Originally I tried to open a shop on the other side of the street and I failed miserably. I just didn't understand Chicago politics. I rented a storefront for a few months and completely failed when trying to get the zoning.

Yet you weren't deterred by the failure. I had enough money to buy a building this time. I went in and bought the only place I could afford and decided I'm going to go through it and not take any chances. I donated money to St. Ignatius and joined the [University Village Association] before I even applied for the license. Even though tattooing is a legal business they started working against me, saying no one in the neighborhood wants it. I made campaign contributions to the alderman, congressman, and anyone I could think of. The headmaster of St. Ignatius showed up to say that people like me didn't care about the community. The greatest thing was that I already had two years' worth of thank you letters from my contributions, essentially saying thanks to business owners like me who care about the welfare of our children. In court they looked foolish and we won. Once I was able to open up I could show that their ideas about the business were wrong.

Their entire case against you was built on assumptions of what the tattoo industry was. Exactly. The fears they had were insane. They thought I would be open until two in the morning with 20 motorcycles parked out front. I have kids, I'm gonna be closed at 10—get a grip. When we went to court again I won, and they finally gave up.

How did you end up having a shop down in Austin as well as in Chicago? My wife is from Austin and she conned me into buying a house here in 2006. *[Laughs.]* So I had a house down here already and after Rollo killed himself I just wanted to get out of Chicago. I realized I wasn't traveling to Chicago enough and I was getting bored. I tried to

work in a couple of shops for friends here, but once you've been the boss it's really hard to not be the boss, so that didn't work out. I bought a struggling shop here, renamed it, and it's been about three years now and I do both. It's craziness but it works. The worst thing to happen to me was to have my friend die, get a bunch of money I didn't earn, and develop a drug problem with no job and nothing to do. The best thing for me is to stay busy.

I assume that it was the desire to stay busy that led to you start a record label as well, right? Right. After Warped Tour I had made all these connections with musicians, so that's how End Sounds got going. I got a lot of offers from musicians who wanted to do side projects or solo things and I thought about how cool it would be to be in the music industry. I thought about starting my own label, but instead I met Jonathan Gill, who was pretty established, and I bought half of the label. He knew all the business and distribution while I knew a lot of talent. Some of the things on the label include Mike Herrera's Tumbledown, Andy from Hot Rod Circuit has a project, and Bill Stevenson from the Descendents has a project called The Mag Seven that we put out. It's that sort of a label—established artists who have side projects that they want to get out there. We don't make much money, but it's fun and we survive.

What are some of the differences between your two shops, Austin Tattoo Company and Taylor Street Tattoo? Austin Tattoo Company is a totally different kind of project. Taylor Street was started from scratch, and ATC was already a shop that I bought and had to deal with the bad reputation and different things. It had previously been a custom shop and I'm a street shop guy, so I had to knock down walls so you could see everything and put flash up and turn it into a shop that I knew how to run. I hired some young kids who were hungry, and we're hitting it. I hope that I'm passing on my knowledge that way.

You seem to be very aware of paying homage to your roots and where you have come from. There have just been so many people who have had great influence on my career like, Mike Malone, Nick Colella, Josh Arment, and, of course, Oliver [Peck]. There have been a lot of great people who I have had relationships with, some I've lost relationships with. It's really important to me that people know I'm aware of that. It's a weird thing to be cocky and humble at the same time. I think I have the right confidence about it. I think you need to be really confident to be a tattooer. I'm also aware of the mistakes I have made and do my best to amend them. ■

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From left: Steve Vinall, Mo Coppoletta, Inma.

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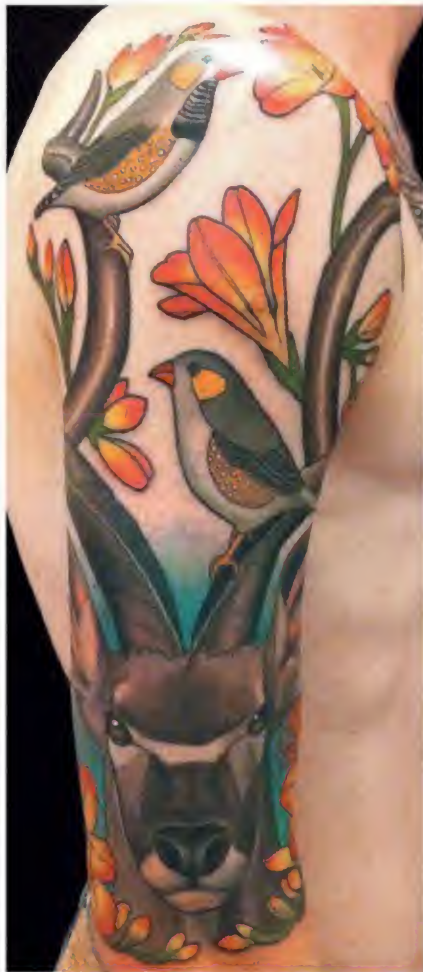
Decked out in dapper, well-tailored suits with poise and a dashing demeanor, Mo Coppoletta could easily be mistaken for a fashion editor at *British Vogue*. But this Verona-born artist, whose shop is located in what was once known as the Little Italy of London, Exmouth Market, would rather roll up his sleeves, slap on a pair of medical gloves, and wrap his fingers around a tattoo machine. He opened his shop, known as The Family Business, in 2003 with a distinct philosophy that reflects his stylish fashion sense. "Tattooing is a unique process, however I could agree that similarities can be drawn between tailoring and the tattoo world," says Coppoletta, who's been tattooing for 15 years. "Good, quality tailoring requires a unique understanding of customers' needs. It demands a lot of patience and empathy from both parties in order to produce a fantastic result. This work ethic is often forgotten in tattoo shops, and it's something I wanted to emulate when forming the ethos for the studio."

The studio for serious collectors and casual tattoo fans alike is jam-packed with Roman Catholic

iconography, Victoriana, and vintage ephemera, and began with only Coppoletta at the helm and one receptionist. It now employs about a dozen world-renowned tattoo artists who are gaining lengthy waiting lists, and has earned an international reputation for first-rate work. This goes to show that Coppoletta's professional visage isn't just pomp and circumstance, but reflects how the artists approach their work. "I think you feel that tattooing is taken very seriously here as soon as you walk through the door," says artist Inma, who has worked at The Family Business for 10 years. "And the possibilities are endless. The same job would be done in a different way by each of us."

"I think that true passion for craftsmanship and artistic development shines through the work that comes out of the studio," says Coppoletta.

As far as artistic style and tattooing preferences, the crew credits endless influences for inspiring their work. For Coppoletta, culture and art outside of the tattoo community influences his style. Inma turns to classic sculpture and Victorian-era illustrations, while tattooer Steve Vinall pinpoints a plethora



Clockwise from top left: tattoo by Inma; interior of The Family Business; tattoo by Mo Coppoletta; tattoos by Steve Vinall (2); tattoo by Coppoletta.



of different sources for artistic inspiration. "Some are artists, some are tattoo-related, some are friends, and some can be from a flea market," Vinall says. "It's just something aesthetic that can take your attention and, of course, if you create or draw on a regular basis, it will be pronounced in your work."

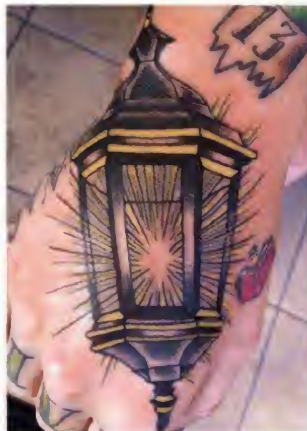
To wit, traditional Americana tattoos, featuring bold outlines and primary colors made famous by the likes of Sailor Jerry, are making a big comeback in London, as they are in the States. "It was inevitable in my eyes, as I perceive this style to be the 'true rules' of the craft ... due to the concise, readable nature of the designs," says Coppoletta of the traditional Western tattooing trend. "These designs and ideas are always drawn and redrawn over and over, using the same (or similar) subject matter. This creates a visual language. I like to work with these classic images, and to see them permeated with my own personal interests or passions."

For these professionals, re-creating similar imagery isn't a bore or a passing fad. "I don't think it's any different from any other trend or following in the tattoo world," says Vinall. "If you want to get

a sleeve and you know how you want it to look, you can get one artist to do it all in one style. Americana can be that style; it's not like you have to think hard about it. If you want a real 'cool' sleeve, then it's easy and noncommittal. It sounds like I'm judging, but I'm really not—the same can be said of a Japanese sleeve, or even biomechanical. That's my point: If you like something, get it! If a lot of people like it, that's okay too; it just means it makes a good tattoo. Who doesn't want that?"

Those who want customized work with an individual flair won't go wrong by making The Family Business their business. The artists aren't interested in what's emanating from other shops but focus rather on their own artistic principles. "Constant comparisons between shops can homogenize the work being produced and lessen the unique qualities of your own brand," says Coppoletta. "I look to my own interests and opinions in order to build a singular voice for my business." It's that attitude toward tailor-made tattooing within a refined business setting that's making The Family Business become a brand name worldwide. ■





JON SANFORD

VISIT: ironworkstatattoo.com



You have a lot of strong, bold work. How important is black to your palette? Black is extremely important, for sure. The amount of black used can make or break the tattoo. I use a lot of black in my tattoos because I feel that it gives them a dark, solid, tough look. Not only is the look it gives important for aesthetic purposes, but a tattoo with a good amount of black used in the right places is going to make your tattoo hold up and look nice over time.

What do you like about traditional American tattoos? American traditional tattoos are ones that have been popular for a very long time—and it isn't a mystery as to why they got this way. The designs and execution of this style of tattooing have held up for this long because not only are they great to look at, but they're tattoos built to last. The bold designs, heavy black, and bright color of American traditional tattoos caught my eye even as a person with little to no knowledge of tattooing.

Working in the traditional style, how do you try to update the designs of yore? A lot of the original traditional images were very simple and often crudely drawn. The main thing that I find myself doing differently with my drawings and tattoos, in comparison to the older traditional designs, is putting more detail in them, making the composition a little

more exciting to look at, and doing my best to modernize the style a bit.

What's the tattoo scene like in New Hampshire? New Hampshire is great for tattooing. It is close to Boston, New York, D.C., Philly—all great places for tattooing. Oftentimes a good tattoo scene comes hand-in-hand with a good music scene—New England is full of great music. A lot of friends in touring bands stop through to hang out and get tattooed. They get back on the road and show the work to the rest of the world. It's a great way to get your name out there and encourage more people to make the trip to get tattooed. Tattooing in Portsmouth and being on the ocean, we get a lot of people from the navy and military coming in to get some of the designs that have been around for so long. So with the seaport and the large music scene, New Hampshire is a pretty booming place for not just tattoos in general, but American traditional specifically.

Do tattoos go into hiding in the cold weather of New Hampshire? The summer is definitely a much busier time for tattoos here. Wintertime is generally a better time to get tattooed, since swimming and exposing your skin to too much sun generally isn't good. Those who don't know much about tattooing get their tattoo in the summer so they can show it off at the beach—and ruin it. **NJ**



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I WOULD LOVE TO APPRENTICE but I don't have that natural drawing talent. I got the job as shop girl when I was booking an appointment for my right sleeve, and after five and a half years, I've become shop manager. I've talked to a few people over the years who have mentioned to me that not being able to draw wasn't an excuse. I wholeheartedly disagree. If you're not born with the talent, don't muddy the industry with mediocre art.



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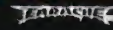
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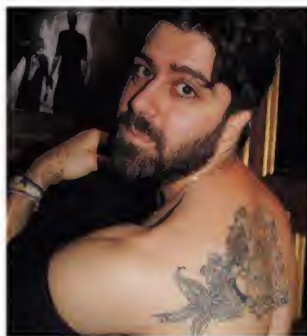
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Mistah Metro's grandfaddah, a painter, passed down the artistic gene to Metro, who decided to use it on skin. "Tattoos can't be resold without extreme pain and borderline illegal activity," says Metro of the difference between his and his grandfather's medium. "It is art that literally becomes its owner. It is also art that the artist loses the minute it is created." His art consists of bold lines and interesting color pairings. "If I am being commissioned to do a painting or tattoo, I will generally try to give the client what they want, within my taste. If it is something I know will not look good, or something that I know I can't pull off, then experience has told me to just leave it alone. It is better to not do a tattoo than to do a bad one. If there is no commission and the project is at my will, I'm going to create something meaningful and inspirational—and hopefully it will also look badass."

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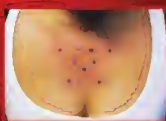
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